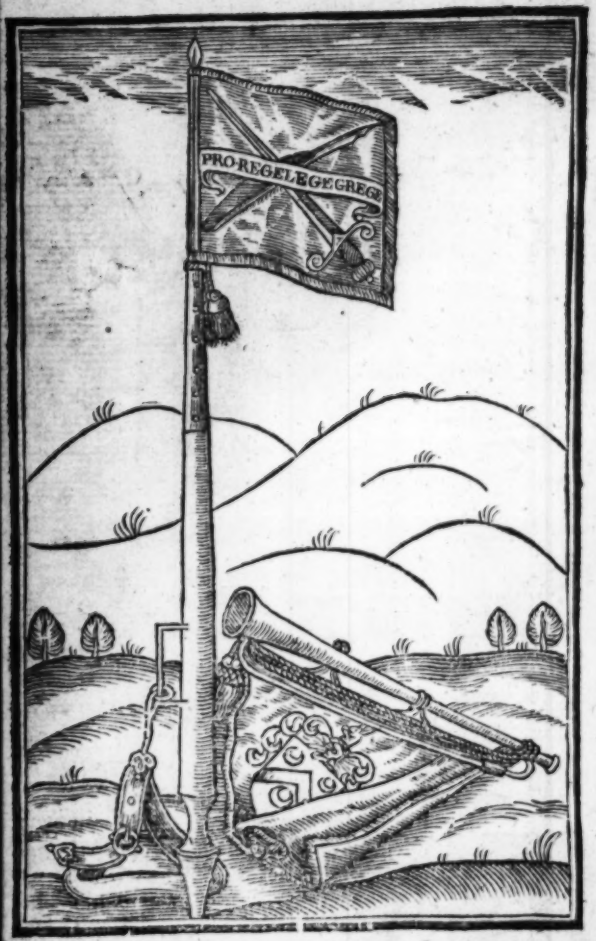
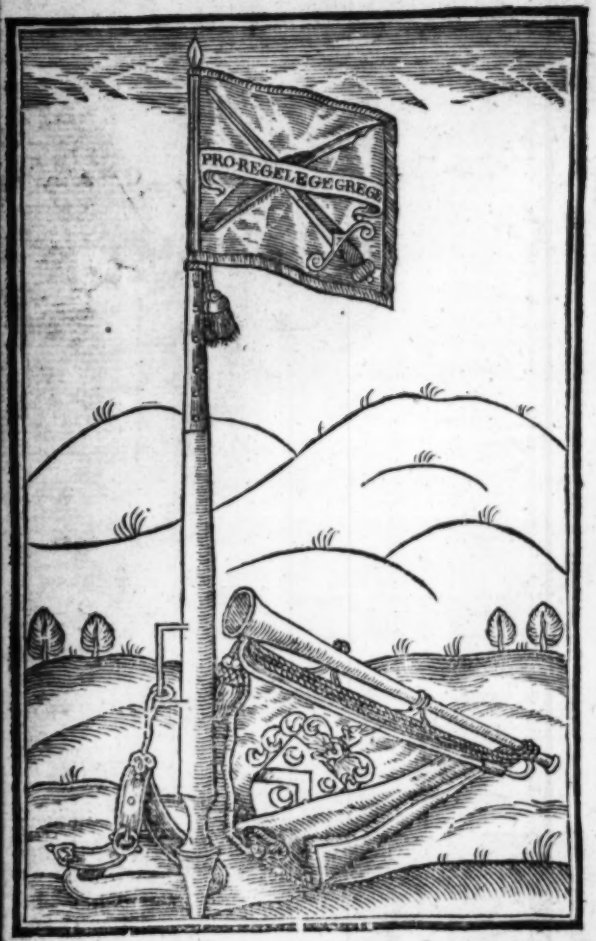

PRO·REGE·LEGE·GREGE


PRO·REGE·LEGE·GREGE

Campo-Musæ,

OR THE

FIELD-MUSINGS

Of Captain

GEORGE WITHER,

TOUCHING

His Militarie Ingagement for the KING and PARLIAMENT, the Justnesse of the same; and the present distractions of these Islands.

Dedicated to his Excellencie, the

EARL OF ESSEX,

L. Generall for the KING and PARLIAMENT.

DEUS dabit his quoque finem.

LONDON,

Printed by *Robert Austin*, in the Old-Baily.

M. DC. XLIIII.

AM not I now in *England?* Is not this
The *Thames?* Is not that *London?* Sure it is.
Me thinks that vast, and ancient structure, there,
Looks just like *Pauls*, and that like *Westminster*.
Loe, yon is *High-gate*, yon is *Hamsted-mill*,
There *Banstead-downes*, there *Kent*, there *Shooters-hill*.
This doubtlesse is that *Countrey*: but why then,
Are here now living so few *Englishmen?*
Are all those *Englishmen* which now I see?
All true-bred *Englishmen?* the Devill they be.
Indeed I finde there are a few among them;
And for their sakes I will not so much wrong them,
To say, the *Land* hath none, within whose veines
The blood of our old *Worthies* yet remaines.
But, out of question, if the greatest part
Were not a mungrell-brood, and without heart,
They could not lie so tamely in their beds,
And see what *Plague* their *Countrey* over-spreads;
Yea seem content, to be inslav'd to *slaves*,
And carrie guilt, and curses, to their graves.
Perhaps they are asleep. Ho! *Englishmen!*
Awake, and be your selves, yet, once agen.
Heark, how the *Trumpet* sounds! heark how the *Drum*
Beats up, and calls in English, *Come, Come, Come!*
Heark, how the ghosts of your poore *Brethren*, slain,
And massacred in *Ireland*, do complain,
And call for vengeance! heark, how loud they cry,
And threaten, if you passe their murders by?
Heark, how the Countrey round about you mourns!
See in how many parts it flames and burns!
Mark, what a desolation, in one year,
Is broken in among us! and how near
Our just and everlasting ruine drawes,
If we become no warmer in this *Cause!*
And that your cooled *zeal* way re-inflame,
Take up this *Paper*, and new light the same.

CAMPO-

CAMPO-MUSÆ:

OR,

The FIELD-MUSINGS of Captaine GEORGE WITHER.

The Contents.

A Question *presuppos'd, the* Muse
Replieth, and her freedome shewes:
Tells with what heart, with what intent
This Warre *her* POET *under-went.*
Averres, that Reason, and the Lawes
Will justifie him in his Cause:
The publike woe *She doth expresse,*
Lamenteth, and implores redresse:
Fights Combats with Delusive-Reason,
Her Partie *to acquit from* Treason:
Their hearts incourageth to doe
What GOD, and Nature, *calls them to.*
And many matters here and there
Inserteth, not related here.
Then, mentioneth a Voice *of PEACE*
That She hath heard, and there doth cease:
Intending, ere She *will proceed,*
To make some proof, how this may speed.

YES: now Ile *write* againe, and neither care
Though nor *Apollo* aid me, nor the NINE:
Nor whether *Mars*, or *Mercurie*, appeare
Crosse, or in Sextile, Quadrine, or in Trine.
Nor carefull am I, whether HEE, or SHEE,
Be pleased, or displeased, with my *Muse*:
For, none to sooth, or vex, my *Musings* be:
But, now I *write*, because I cannot chuse.

To anſwer each mans curious expectation
Who asks why *this* I ſaid, why *this* I do;
Is not the ſcope of my determination,
Though ſomwhat here conduces thereunto.
The *Sword* hath had his turn, and now the *Pen*
Advanced is to play her part agen.
The naked SVVORD and PEN my *Cornet* bears;
Pro REGE, LEGE, GREGE thereupon
To be my *Motto* for the *Field* it weares:
And ſhewes for whom this *Warfare* we begun.
But, *Rymes* and *Reaſon* growing out of date,
And *Pens* (leſſe modeſt now then heretofore)
Such lies and railings have divulg'd, of late,
That I once thought to touch my *Pen* no more.
Beſides (with griefe) I have obſerv'd in thoſe,
Whoſe judgment have moſt need of Reformation,
That there is left no powre in *Verſe* or Proſe,
To make them wiſe, or move to Reformation.
For *Wiſdomes* Charmes and *Reaſons* beſt concluſions
Beget but *Furies*, and inlarge *Confuſions*.
Yet ſince my muzings, when I ſhall be dead,
(And lie unactive in a lonely roome)
May peradventure to good uſe be read,
By men reſerv'd for better times to come:
And, ſince it will not onely be an eaſe
To mine owne heart, my num'rous thoughts to vent,
But alſo may ſome honeſt Readers pleaſe,
Ev'n in theſe times of gen'rall diſcontent.
Yea, leſt malignant cenſures paſſed on
My late ingagement for the publique peace,
Should (if I ſilent to my grave had gone)
Have cauſed *falſe-opinion* to increaſe.
My *Pen* I re-aſſum'd, in hope, to ſhew
My *practice* never prov'd my words untrue.
My *Pen* I re-aſſum'd; and (full of matter)
Sate downe to write: but, ere I ought expreſt,

The Trumpet ſounding, all my thoughts did ſcatter,
And gave me, ſince that houre, but little reſt.
Deſtructive times, diſtractive muzings yeeld,
Expect not therefore method now of me,
But ſuch as fits *Minerva* in the *Field*,
Where Interruptions and Confuſions be.
Like or diſlike, I ſomwhat now ſhall ſay
Which muſt be heard; and heard to purpoſe too;
At leaſt in gaining heed, or making way
For what (if need require) is yet to do.
When *ſin* and ſelf-conceit befools the *wiſe*,
They muſt be taught by thoſe whom they deſpiſe.
For, let not theſe *Field-muzings* be ſuppos'd
The fruitleſſe flaſhings of a *Giddy-wit*,
Becauſe in *meaſur'd-words* they are compos'd,
Which many judge for ſerious works unfit;
Nor let them counted be a ſleight invention,
Though *ſouldier-like* blunt complements I uſe,
That I may draw thoſe fools to give attention,
Who will not elſe perhaps regard my *Muſe*.
He that hath matter that concerns the King,
Comes not and ringles at the doore with feare;
But knocks, untill he makes the Pallace ring,
And ſpurns it open, if they will not heare:
Ev'n ſo do I; and think I have done well
To make my language like the tale I tell.
If I ſhall mention what ſome would not heare,
The fault's not mine: for, if men madly do,
I am a thing which once in twenty yeare
Shall ſeem to be a kind of mad man too.
And though mean-while my Calling I purſue,
(Seeming to heed the times as they do me)
Yet I am alwaies mindfull of my kue,
And act my part when I my time ſhall ſee.
One while I chide; ſomtimes faire words I give
To praiſe men into what I faine would have them:

And when those Favours I misplac'd perceive,
I call them backe, and am asham'd I gave them.
When thus I faile, my *Fancie* prompts me then;
But, now another *Spirit* guides my Pen.
I will not blame the *Times*, though bad they be,
Nor to the jeering world bemoane my Lot:
For, to these daies my God appointed me,
And guards me so, that mischief hurts me not.
My *Birth* I had in blest *ELIZA'S* reigne;
To JAMES, I blaz'd the sins of wanton Peace,
For those rewards which *Truth* will ever gaine,
Where *Nobles* rise by *Pieties* decrease.
To CHARLES I shew'd what *Plagues* were drawing neare,
And, saw them come, e're I belief could gaine.
And, when they came, I saw the chiefest care
Was, how each Foole his Bable might obtaine.
For, warnings are on wilfull sinners lost,
Till honour, pleasure, life and soul it cost.
SIN not repented, (but augmented rather)
The violl, poured forth, began to spread;
The spreading mischief still more strength did gather,
And, everie day new Plagues the poison bred.
Divisions then arose, which did increase,
And, into *Sub-divisions* branch about,
Which overthrew the Pillars of our Peace,
And, drove good *Order*, *Law*, and *Justice* out.
These Evils, with my Pen, I long withstood,
And, bold reproofes in *Tyrants* faces threw;
But, when I saw my *Pen* could do no good,
With other *Patriots* my *Sword* I drew:
For, who that weares a *Sword* needs feare to draw,
To save the *King*, the *People*, and the *Law*?
I drew it not in rage, or private hate,
Or to incroach on *Prince* or *Peoples-right*,
Or to recrute a ruined estate;
But, that both *Prince* and *People* guard it might.

I was not arm'd to violate the Crowne,
Or pleaſe the fancies of a fickle braine,
To ſet one up, and pull another downe,
Or Schiſme, or Superſtition to maintaine:
But, fought our *Fathers* honour to defend;
Our *Mother*, from his jealous rage to ſave;
To bring their baſe abuſers to that end,
Which *Traiterous-flatterers* deſerve to have:
And he that armes himſelf to this intent,
Shall ne're be *ſhamed*, though he may be *ſhent*.
I therefore boldly marched to the *Field*,
Not unreſolv'd, or ſtagg'ring in the Cauſe.
I made my *Pray'rs* my ſhot, *Firm-faith* my ſhield;
My Breaſt-works are *Good-Conſcience*, and the *Lawes*.
I ſtood not off, when I was called on,
To mark what *Peers* or *Commons* led the way;
To think I might be *made*, or quite *undone*,
Or whether ſide was like to get the day.
But of the Publike Ruine was my feare,
Or, of thoſe Plagues for which the *Sword* makes roome:
And, of the barbarouſneſſe which every where
Is like to follow, where his followers come,
And could have wiſh'd it had as eaſie bin
To drive out miſchiefes, as to fetch them in.
The cure propos'd, though very ſharpe it be,
And threatens loſſe of members, and of blood;
Before it was adventur'd on by me,
Appeared needfull for the *Common-good*,
According to my Fortune and my place
I therefore further'd it, not diſcontent,
Though others had the publike thank and grace
For that, which I in private did invent.
Where I then liv'd, I was the firſt of thoſe
Who did contribute to my *Countries* aid;
And (though it may be cenſur'd by her Foes
An evill ſigne) I joy to heare it ſaid,

That

That in thoſe parts I was the firſt of all
To whom a totall Plunder did befall.
And ſure it was for good it ſo befell:
For, he that is inrowled for the *Wars*
Shall never proſecute that *Calling* well
If he intangled be with other Cares.
Affaires of Peace effeminate the Minde;
A Barne well filled, and a houſe well fraught,
Are not with eaſe, for poverty reſign'd,
Till they from us, or we from them are caught.
For, who thoſe things can willingly forſake,
Of which, he feeles he may have daily need?
Who can to wants and wounds himſelfe betake,
That may at home, with eaſe, on Plenties feed?
Or who can fight that's clog'd with Carts & *Ploughs*,
Books, Houſhold ſtuffe, Teems, Oxen, Sheep & Cows?
Such things as theſe did ne're affect me much,
But for their ſakes, of whom I muſt have care:
Nor did their loſſe my heart ſo nearly touch
As their neglects, who thereof Cauſers were:
For, if my Councells have been duly heeded,
And my *Preſages* timely beene beleev'd,
The rage of War had not ſo far proceeded,
As me to Rob, and others to have griev'd:
Yea, had the *Caſtle* (to my care committed
Without ſupply of mony, meat, or Men,
Save my halfe Troope) been well and timely fitted
With what was needfull, and long ſought, e're then,
I ſhould not ſure, from thence have called bin,
To let the Kingdomes foes come ſafely in.
Nor to their dammage, or their detriment,
Who me to that command had freely choſe,
Had I unto another place been ſent,
Expoſing them, unarmed, to their foes:
Nor (when a Ground work I had alſo laid,
Which had, not onely probably ſecur'd

Thoſe

Thoſe parts, from that whereof they were afraid,
But, alſo, to the Bordering *Shires* aſſur'd
Good likelihoods of ſafety) ſhould my Care
And Propoſitions, have been quite neglected,
By thoſe, to whom they firſt propoſed were;
If they, the *Cauſe*, or *Me*, had well affected:
Nor had ſo ill (thereby) our *Partie* ſped:
Nor had, our Foes, by that meanes, gather'd head.
Nay, if an Envie of the place I had.
Or ſome deſigne of theirs who brake their Truſt,
Had not the way for my removall made
To let in miſchiefe at a nick, ſo juſt,
So many had not muſtred been, ſo ſoon
(Of my Malignant Neighbours in that *Shire*)
To force my Houſe; my Goods to ſeize upon,
And, ſhew ſuch malice, and ſuch fury there.
Nor had I met affronts in other kindes
As I have done; But that among us, be
Some, that doe walk our waies, with other minds,
With other hopes, and purpoſes, then we:
But, let them take their courſe, my courſe is weigh'd;
And, Words nor Deeds, ſhall make my heart afraid.
What I reſolv'd on, hath had firme foundations,
Not laid in ſands, or built upon with ſticks,
Nor garniſhed with vaine Imaginations.
Or kept repair'd with fallacies and tricks.
I was not frighted by the *Proclamations*
Penn'd by abuſers of the *Royall-Name*:
Nor ſtartled by thoſe tedious *Declarations*,
Which with more *Wit* then *Truth*, full fraughted came.
I knew how *Lawyers* and *Divines* had cheated
The World ere then; and when the *holy-Text*,
Or *Lawes*, were miſapply'd or miſrepeated,
Or, with falſe Comments wreſted, or perplext.
And falſhood moves not me, although it brings
The Votes of *Doctors*, and the threat of *Kings*.

Yea,

My heart, the ſtorms of danger did not ſhake,
Faire promiſes (which have ſo many caught)
On me, the leaſt impreſſion could not make.
Though where I ſerve I ſcarce worth heed am thought,
Nor was I moved much to ſee, that ſome
(Who *Stars* appear'd) in their firſt Love did faile,
Becauſe I knew the time was fully come,
Which tries our firmneſſe by the *Dragons-Taile*.
Nor ſtart I at their Cenſures, who have ſaid,
That, what I counſell'd, I have left undone;
That, from my own *Predictions* I have ſtraid,
And made them erre, if they amiſſe have gone.
For, they that have miſtaken *Truth-divine*,
And wreſt *Gods* Word, may ſoon miſconſtrue mine.
To ſay in *words*, that ſo, or ſo, I meant,
I thought not halfe ſo pow'rfull, as to ſhow
By active proofs, the truth of my intent,
And teach by *Deeds*, which way men ought to go.
When therefore that great COUNSEL call'd for aid,
(With whom the *King-ſhip* alwaies doth reſide,
In whoſe Commands, the *Kings* are beſt obey'd,
From whom, the *King* cannot himſelf divide)
To ſerve the *King* and Parliament, I came
So loyally, that, if it *Treaſon* be,
I will not ask a pardon for the ſame;
Nor thank him for it, who ſhall give it me:
But laugh at him, who ſhould that Trifle bring,
Diſdaine to live; and die, and be a *King*.
For, no man honours, no man loveth more
The *Soveraigne-Perſon*, then I did; and do:
For him, I therefore feared long before,
What *Ill-adviſers* now have brought him to.
I told Him, when He was but newly crown'd,
(As plainly as my *Warrant* gave me leave)
Thoſe things which *He* and *We* too true have found,
Yet ſtill mis-informations him deceive.

Yea,

Yea, though the ſtile of *Rebell* now I beare,
My *Prayers* for him, have before the LORD
Stood *eighteen years*; and, yet before him are,
(To teſtifie my love) upon * *Record*, *Brit. Re-*
And all his *Captains, Arms*, and *Armies* too *memb.*
Secure him not, as thoſe my *Prayers* doe. *Cant.* 1.
That which I prayd for then, and pray for yet,
I fight for now: Becauſe, I held this, ever,
That, whatſoe're to pray for ſhould be fit,
For that we are obliged to endeavour.
I know that by *Allegiance* I am bound
To what eſſentially thereto pertaines;
Not to bare complements, or to the ſound
Which of that *Duty*, lying flattry faignes,
Much leſſe to that which totally deſtroies
This *Virtues* eſſence; and whereby the *King*
Out loyaltie againſt himſelf employes,
And to deſtruction, his owne *Houſe* may bring.
Such miſcheeves, therefore, that I might prevent,
I ſided for *Him*, with his *Parliament*.
Thereby to ſerve two *Maſters* I aſſaid,
Till I by their *Diviſions* was undone:
And ſaw three *Kingdomes* by ſome Acts ill plaid,
In danger to be neither two nor one.
I ſided not, but as a *Stander-by*,
Who hath two friends at ods, and loving either,
Feares that in *one*, the loſſe of *both* may lye,
And (in thoſe two) of all his joyes together.
If either I oppoſe, I do it more
To ſave then wound: and to prevent that blow
Which, he that gave it, in his heart had bore,
If through that other, we had let it goe,
And, he that thinks this duty doth him wrong,
May finde a *Friend*, but ſhall not keep him long.
I moved not thus farre, but by Command
Of *Soveraigne-Pow'r*, whereto if it be *Treaſon*

To

To yeeld Obedience, we muſt underſtand,
They *Traytors* are, who walk by *Law* and *Reaſon*.
The *Soveraigne-perſon* may command that thing
For which, the *Soveraigne-Pow'r*, if I ſhall do it,
Me to the Gallowes for my paines may bring,
And hang me with my Pardon when I ſhow it.
Becauſe when *Soveraign-Pow'r* doth ought command,
Therein, the *Soveraigne-Perſon* is contain'd
So fully, that by *Law*, no deed can ſtand
In oppoſition thereunto maintain'd.
And, he by whom this *Truth* is not believ'd,
Is taught by *Fooles*, or elſe by *Knaves* deceiv'd.
Nor *King* nor *Parliament* doe I affect
For private ends; nor did they e're beſtow
On me, the leaſt appearance of reſpect,
More then what they to all men uſe to ſhow:
Nor can I hope, that what I doe or write
(Till men grow better) an effect ſhall bring,
Sufficient to preſerve me from deſpight,
Though favour'd both by *Parliament* and *King*:
How then, or by what bait have I been caught,
That I for *Balams* wages have been ſaid * *Brit. Re-*
To contradict the * Meſſages I brought? *memb.*
And from my owne good Counſells to have ſtraid?
Or who can ſay whoſe tongue it ſhall become,
That my *Allegiance* I have ſwerved from?
As elſe where I have writ, ſo write I here,
No hand againſt the *King*, that is, no hand
We ſhould againſt his *Royall-Perſon* reare
Though he injoyn'd a tyrannous command.
Nor ſhould a *private-man*, or *private-pow'r*
Take armes againſt him, though he ſhould intend
Them, in their innocencie to devoure,
Save meerly their own perſons to defend.
For ſhould each petty member of a State
Be armed at his pleaſure, for Offence,

Their

Their breaches of the peace would ruinate
Themſelves, the whole *Republicke*, and the *Prince*.
And, ſhould a *King* from violence, not be free,
Till God ſhall ſtrike; none ſo unſafe as he.
Yet, when by wicked Counſellers miſled,
A *King*, ſhall his whole Kingdome ſo oppreſſe,
That, he, therewith appears indangered:
Me thinks, it were a Tenent reaſonleſſe
To ſay, there were not in a *Parliament*
Such, as is our (or if no ſuch we had)
No power in his Liege-people to prevent
The hazard of a conſequence, ſo bad:
Or, that they might not lay upon their King
A charitable, and reſtraining-hand,
To ſtop him from purſuing that raſh thing,
Which might undoe himſelf, and all the Land:
Or, that there were not nat'rally a right
In *Them*, againſt his will, for *Him*, to fight.
When by the fawnings of ſome cunning-whore,
A *nat'rall-Father* ſhall be ſo miſled,
As that he beats his children out of doore,
And, cauſeleſſe drives their mother from his bed,
Beleeving they are baſtards, ſhe unchaſte;
And, fir'd with jealouſies, attempteth further,
To burne his houſe, to lay his dwelling waſte,
And with his family, himſelfe to murther:
As, then, that *Family*, with an intent
Him, from his ill-adviſers, to withdraw,
(And his, and their deſtruction, to prevent)
May lay reſtraining hands, by Natures law,
On ſuch a father, and yet therein be
Preſerv'd from breach of houſhold-duties, free.
So, when the *Father* of our *Countrey*, ſhall
By Flatteries, be drawn to ſuch a courſe,
As may produce his owne and Kingdomes fall,
Vnleſſe we intervene, by timely force;

And

And, when, so loyally, the same is done,
That, to our utmost powers, we still assay
Not how to save his life, and rights, alone,
But how his honour, too, preserve we may:
The Laws of *God*, of *Nature*, and of *Reason*,
Will doubtlesse, warrant it, in their despight
Who brand it with *Rebllion*, and with *Treason*;
By shamefull Terms, from lawfull deeds, to fright;
Else, cut-throat *Parasites*, are onely they
Whom for the truest *Liege-men*, count we may.
That we have thus ingenuously proceeded,
Nor waging war, nor our distrusts revealing,
Till our affaires those actions highly needed,
(And, made each Grievance fully ripe for telling)
Our consciences assure us; though the slanders
Of our Opposers, have our Truths beli'd,
And led the people through those dark *Meanders*,
Which our faire dealings, and their frauds, may hide.
And, therefore should the *King*, by wilfull stay
Among that crue, miscarry in the fight,
(Which to prevent, we still shall watch and pray)
Vpon our heads, the blame should not alight;
For, who that woes the Plague, hath health assur'd?
Or, who can save, what will not be secur'd?
I came (as I professe) with single heart,
To stay the mischiefe, which I saw begun;
And, entred, with my *Sword*, to act that part,
Which, without blame, I knew not how to shun.
For, when God calls for *blood*, and will not heare
Our pray'rs, untill (his Justice to appease)
Those *Beasts* among us sacrificed are,
Whose life prolong'd, prolongeth our disease;
'Tis time we should observe, that we, like *Saul*,
Those Flockes, and those *Amalakites*, have spar'd,
Whose preservation may become our Fall;
If his commands, no better we regard.

'Tis

'Tis time, thought I, that in the gap we ſtand,
To ſtop the breach, that elſe will drown the land.
The *Red-Horſe* then appear'd; and thereupon
That *Rider* forth advanc'd, at whoſe command
Thoſe bloody executions muſt be done,
Which both defile, and purge a ſinfull Land.
A mixed multitude made up our *Traine*,
Which God, for divers ends together brought:
Some, to avenge his cauſe; ſome, to be ſlaine;
Some that Repentance in them might be wrought.
Our Army being rais'd, the *Trumpet* ſounds;
The *Colours* are diſplay'd, the *Drums* doe beat:
To make a paſſage thorow blood and wounds.
For *Juſtice*, *Truth*, and *Peace*, we forward ſet.
And whilſt we mareht, my heart, with thoughts confus'd
Was over-fill'd; and thus I ſadly mus'd.
Thoſe dreadfull Tragedies, muſt I, O LORD!
Muſt I, not onely now ſurvive to ſee;
Which were ſo long time fear'd, and ſo abhorr'd?
But live, in them, an Actor too, to be?
Is that abuſed *Peace* which we enjoy'd,
So many yeeres (whilſt ev'ry other *State*
Was plagu'd with war, and ſome nigh quite deſtroy'd)
In theſe our *Iſlands*, now, grown out of date?
Have we prolong'd Repentance, till the Flame
Which from the neighb'ring Countries did appeare
(Like *Beacons*, giving warning of the ſame)
Spreads, and devoures, with no leſſe fury, here?
And is the time now come, in which this *Nation*
Muſt pledge them, in thy cup of indignation?
Who did ſo much as dreame, ſome yeeres agoe,
To ſee the Devil ſo prevailing here,
To conjure up to ev'ry man, a Foe,
Among thoſe Friends, that in his boſome were?
Who thought, to ſee ſo many brothers rage
Againſt each other? Fathers without griefe,

To ruinate the Pillars of their age?
So many sonnes, to seek their fathers life?
Who could have, then, beleeved this, that friends,
Familiars, neighbours, kinsmen, mothers, daughters,
Should have, so madly, sought each others ends?
And mention, without teares, their wounds & slaughters?
And, finde this hellish poyson, to be shed
Almost in ev'ry village, house, and bed?
Who did suspect, that men who dote on wealth,
And make a *God* of Pleasure and of Ease?
Esteeming highly, safety, limbs, and health;
Should madly fool away their part of these?
And side, and quarrell so, about those things
Which most of them, regarded not a whit?
For, what their duties were to *God*, or *Kings*,
Or *Common-wealth*, it troubled not their wit.
Nor doth it now, if their discourse and life,
May shew what Conscience of such things they make:
And, from this observation, I, with griefe,
Infallibly, may this Conclusion take:
That nothing elfe, this mischief did begin,
But, universall ripenesse of our sin.
How could there elfe, so soone, so many be
So hardned in the cruelties of war?
And, multitudes so forward, as we see,
For Robberies, Rapes and Murthers, as they are?
Who did a while agoe, suspect he had
Acquaintance, neighbours, houshold servants too,
So wicked, so malicious, and so bad,
To put in act, what now we see them doe?
War hath occasion given, to disclose
What ev'ry man affects. And, ev'ry one,
As opportunity he gaineth, shewes
What things his heart is truly set upon.
Oh! if *War's* entrance with such guilt begins,
Before it ends, how great will be our sins?

Observe

Obſerve and credit this which now I ſay,
(Though I perhaps not worth regard may ſeem)
Leſt you repent it elſe another day,
And, finde too late, my words were worth eſteeme.
If *Peace* we ſeek not, and purſue it too,
Before there be too great an obduration,
E're long, ſo hardned men in ſin will grow,
That on his neighbour, none will have compaſſion,
But, ev'ry one, according to his powre,
Shall onely labour his owne *Will* to gaine;
And ſhall corrupt each other, and devoure:
Till wealth, nor wit, nor honeſty remaine:
Nor ought, but ſuch a raskall Generation,
As merits Gods, and good mens execration.
How happie had we been, if we had fear'd
Before theſe feares had ſeiz'd us? and how bleſt?
Had we with penitence thoſe warnings heard
Which notice gave, of this unwelcome ghueſt?
But, now the *Breach* is made; the Floods break in,
And, we with miſeries, are overflowne.
We ſhall be loſers, though the day we win,
When ſpoiles we take, the loſſe will be our owne.
Becauſe, from forraigne foes, we fear'd no harme,
God, for our ſins, hath rais'd us foes at home,
Our ſelves, againſt our ſelves, we ſtrongly arme;
And ſlaught'rers, of each other, are become.
An univerſall Ruine is begun;
And, he that was moſt rich, is moſt undone.
Behold, the *Plough*, by whom we are all fed,
Is throwne into the ditch: Our *Herds* decay:
Our *Shepheards* and our *Husbandmen*, are fled:
Artificers, may ſhut up ſhop, and play.
The *Labourer*, muſt either ſtarve, or fight;
The *Gownman*, muſt a *Swordman*, learne to be;
Nor *Magiſtrate*, nor *Lawes*, can doe us right;
The *Creditor*, and *Debtor*, may agree.

The *Glutton*, must be glad of homely fare;
The *Drunkard*, must drink water, or be drie;
Old lousie rags, *Pride*, must be fain to weare;
Our idle Dames, in vaine, for bread shall crie.
And, they who late, in finest linnen lay,
Shall scarce have leave, to lodge in straw, and hay.
How are our goodly buildings overthrowne!
How are our pleasant arbours hackt, and hew'd!
How bare and rude, are those neat places growne,
Where fruitfull Orchards, and fair Groves, we view'd!
Through Walks and Fields, which I have visited
With peacefull Mates, and free from fear of harmes;
Yea, there, where oft *Faire-Ladies* I have led,
I now lead on, a *Troope* of men in Armes.
In Medowes, where our sports were wont to be,
(And, where we playing wantonly have laine)
Men sprawling in their blood, we now doe see;
Grim postures, of the dying, and the slaine.
And where sweet musique hath refresht the eare,
Sad groanes, of ghosts departing, now we heare.
In ev'ry Field, in ev'ry Lane, and Street,
In ev'rie House, (almost in ev'rie place)
With Cries, and Teares, and Loud-complaints we meet;
And, each one thinks his own, the saddest case.
But, what are private Losses, while we view
Three famous *Kingdomes*, wofully expos'd
To miserable Ruine, and so few,
Lament that plague, wherewith we are inclos'd?
My self, and my estate, I shall contemne,
Till we, in freedome, sing our *Sion-Songs*;
Till we have peace, in our *Ierusalem*;
And *Church*, and *State*, have what to them belongs.
For, what to these, are Oxen, Sheep, and Kine?
Or, any losse, that is but your, or mine?
But how should we have Peace, or Consolation?
Whence can it come? whilst, each of us neglects

The

The meanes of such a blessed expectation?
And from bad Causes, look for good effects?
Who yet repents? who, all alone, bewailes
His private sins? Or, since this Tempest rose,
Hath taken down, one furle of his proud sailes,
That we the publike Vessell might not lose?
Few of us, yet, have truely laid aside
Our Self-conceit, our Envies, or our Spleene,
Our Avarice, our wilfulnesse or Pride,
And doubtlesse, whilst among us, these are seene,
In vaine, we hope, our miseries will cease;
In vaine, we, look for *Comfort*, *Truth*, or *Peace*.
Give me, Oh God! give me those moving teares,
Those deep-fet sighes, and those prevailing groanes,
Which may have powre to pierce through all the Spheres,
And fetch down Pitie, for distressed-ones.
Give me enough for one, that would deplore
The sins of three great *Nations*; and, lament
For his own share, a little world-full more,
Which he, too long, deferred to repent.
Give me those Teares that acceptable be;
Such, as on *Syons* evill day were shed;
Such, as in bottles are preserv'd by thee;
Such, as were dropt, when *Lazarus* was dead;
Such, as if Teares might so much virtue have,
May three great Kingdomes, from destruction save.
Help us to that *Peace-Offring*, whence, may fume
Into thy nostrils, that sweet-smelling savour,
Whereby, thy Majestie may re-assume
These *Kingdomes*, once againe, into thy favour.
With holy *Charmes*, thou hast delighted bin;
For, when in mournfull *Elegies*, to thee
The Son of *Iesse* did bewaile his sin,
From all his guilt, thy grace did set him free.
Why may not, then to me, for whose example
Thy *Spirit* hath his pietie recorded,

(Having within my heart, thy *Inner-Temple*)
Compos'd a *Song*, like mercie be afforded?
In hope it shall, to thee, O *Gracious God!*
My Spirit groaneth forth this mournfull *Ode*.

Alas! how darkesome be!
How gloomy, and how dim!
Thy Privie-lodgings, *LORD*, *in me*,
Which Ioy was wont to trim?
What Ghosts *are they that haunt*
The Chambers of my breast!
And, when I sleep, or comfort want,
Will give my heart no rest?
Me thinks the sound of grones
Are ever in mine eare:
Deep-graves, Deaths-heads, *and* Charnell-bones
Before me, still appeare.
And, when asleep I fall,
In hope to finde some ease,
My dreames, to me, are worst of all,
And fright me, more then these.
Ah me! why was I borne
So late? or why so soone?
To see so bright, so cleere a Morne,
So black an Afternoone?
What in my youth I fear'd,
What was long since foretold,
And oft, with scornes, and sleightings, heard,
Fulfil'd, I now behold.
The Queene of Europes *Isles,*
The Princesse of her Lands,
(Late happy, in thy loving smiles)
Now, neer to ruine stands.
For, by their crying-sins,
Prince, Peers, *and* People, *too,*
Have brought their feet into those Gins,
Which no man can undoe.

Our

Our Cunningst wits *have tride*
To help untwist the Snare;
But, when they thought the cords would slide,
They more insnarled were:
And, since it is not words,
That can our Peace restore,
We now betake us to our Swords,
And make the mischief more.
How great is our distresse!
How grievious is our sin!
That ev'ry thing doth more increase
The Plague, that we a - in!
There is yet, LORD, in thee,
A meanes of ease and aid,
Whereby, we sav'd from that might be,
Whereof, we are afraid.
O God! thy help command;
(For humane helpes are vaine)
And, in compassion to this Land,
Returne thou, once again.
And, if so much regard,
May to my suit be showne,
Let me behold this Tempest *clear'd,*
Before my Sun *go down.*

O LORD, I return with mercy to these Lands;
Give not thy Glory over to the Foe.
Leave not thy *Churches*, in their bloodie hands,
Who seek, in this, thy *Kingdomes* overthrow.
Returne, before our *Spoilers*, hand have laid
On ev'rie pleasant, ev'rie pretious thing:
Before the *Lyons* on thy *Lambs* have preyd;
Before they shall thy Flocks to ruine bring.
Before our habitations do appeare
Like heaps of Rubbish, or the ploughed earth:
Before our pleasant fields, and gardens, are
Like *Fornace-Fels*; or, *Highlands* in the North.

And

And, e're our palaces, late neat and trim,
Are made the walks and haunts of *Zim* and *Iim*.
Once more! once more, oh GOD in mercie heare
These miserable *Pleas*, of whose neare fall,
Their neighb'ring Foes in expectation are,
And, to behold it; on each other call:
Thy foes they are, oh LORD! as well as our;
Oh! give not therefore, way to there dispight:
Let not their malice, or our sins, have power,
Vpon our Tombes, to build up their delight.
Though they *Divide*, permit them not to *Raigne*;
But, let our *Head*, and *Body*, so accord,
That we, the stronger, may be knit againe,
And in their bosome, sheath our angrie *Sword*:
For, our blest reconcilement, further shall
Thy *Churches* triumphs; and, their *Babels* fall,
Their *date* is neare, if I aright have hit.
The meaning of that *Number*, which by thee
Was left, to trie the strength of everie wit,
Which longs the fall of *Antichrist*, to see.
To *Them*, I turn my speech; and thus dare say,
His Friends and Helpers are now moving on,
The cunningst plot, that they have left to play;
And, when that's past, their game will quite be done,
Some SAINTS, their policie will so beguile,
That, they to their *Design* shall furth rance bring:
Yea, they shall help it forward, for a while,
Who favour not the *Persons*, not the *Thing*.
But lest your hearts may faile, through long delay,
Give ear, and heed, what, now, my *Muse* will say.
That yeer, in which ROMES long-liv'd *Emperie*
Shall from the day, wherein it was at height,
Sum up; M, D, C, L, X, V, and I,
In order, as these Letters here I write:
That *Yeare*, that *Day*, that *Houre*, will be the date
Of her continuance; preserving neither

Top,

Top, *Root*, or *Branch* of that accursed *State*,
Nor *Head*, nor *Bodie*, *Limb*, *Horne*, *Claw*, or *Feather*,
For, here are all the *Numerals* of ROME
In order, as they are in valuation;
Which cannot make a lesse or greater sum,
Without *Disorder*, *Want*, or *Iteration*.
Nor can she longer stand, or sooner fall,
If I mistake not *Him* who governs all.
By *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*, worketh *He*,
Allotting to each thing the Bound, and Season,
Which may both correspond with his *Decree*,
And, somewhat, also, suit, with *Humane-Reason*.
In *Ægypt*, thus, a certain time of stay
Was to the seed of *Iacob*, there assing'd;
Thus likewise, to a fore-appointed day,
The raigne of *Baltasar* was confin'd.
Thus from the times of *Daniels* supplication,
Till CHRIST should come, the time foretold appears
To be, a pre-ordained limitation,
Vntill the date, of *Seventie weeks of yeares*.
And, thus ROMES declination may, no doubt,
Be numbring, till her NVMERALS are out.
Two famous *Numbers*, are in them contain'd;
The first, declares that length of time, wherein
The *Devil* was, by *Power-Divine*, restrain'd
From setting up, the *Misterie of Sin*.
The later, is the *Number* of the BEAST;
Which, when the LET was taken quite away,
(Whereby he was a thousand yeares supprest)
Doth *number* out his *Kingdom*, to a day.
It is the *number* of the NAME, or *Power*,
Ev'n of a MAN (of that *misterious-Man*)
By whom *Sin-misticall* is to this houre,
Continu'd; and, by whom, it first began.
And, he that can begin the thousandth yeare,
Shall finde the *number* of the BEAST, is neare.

To

To search out that, it seemes not hard to me,
Since I believe, that when of her chiefe sin
ROME to be guilty, did first prove to be,
Her *Declinations* did then first begin.
And, sure, of all her sins, the greatest Crime
Was crucifying of the LORD *of life*;
And, in unjustly persecuting them,
Who tendred *Saving-Truth*, to their beliefe:
Then, therefore, I presume ROMES fall begun,
And that GOD *measur'd, weigh'd, and numbred* hath
How many backward Rounds her wheele should run,
When she had gain'd her glorious height on earth.

Thus, in those NVMERALS, which are her owne,
(And all she hath) her *Fate* was written downe.
To bring this worke to passe, there is a *Lot*
To be remov'd, of no meane consequence:
The op'ning of it cannot, well, as yet,
Be learn'd, amongst us, without much offence:
And, warrant I have none to make my heart
So bold, as to disclose it: neither may it
With wisedome be revealed, till that *Part*
Be furnished with *Mouth*, fit to play it.
And of this *Mistery* perhaps, the *Key*
Must be deliver'd by some *Ablest one*,
Who shall have power to *doe*, as well as *say*,
What, GOD, hath fore-appointed shall be done.

They first must take the *Works*, without the Walls,
And then, the great *Maligvant Citie* falls.
Then, with exceeding infamie, and scornes,
The BEAST, which yet so dreadfull seemes to some,
Shall lose his *Heads*, and moule away his *Hornes*,
And, to the world, a laughing Socke become.
Then, many things, that have been long conceal'd,
(And which, to blinde the carnall Readers eye,
In *seven darke Misteries*, were closely seal'd)
To every faithfull Soule shall open lye.

That

That *Kingdome*, which the *Iew* did long agoe
Mould out, according to his erring braine,
And whereof, many zealous *Christians*, too,
Vnwarrantable fancies, dreame, or faine,
That *Kingdome*, whereof, yet, but types we heare,
Shall to the world, essentially appeare.
Be patient, therefore, you that are oppreſt:
This *Generatoin* shall not passe away,
Till some, behold the downfall of that *Beast*,
Which, yet, among us, with his *Toile* doth play.
Then will the LAMB of *God* begin to take
The Kingdome to himselfe: And every *King*
That on his rights, doth usurpations make,
To judgement, and to ruine, he shall bring.
No *Kingling*, then, assume the bodnesse shall,
Blasphemously (for know it is no lesse)
To stile himselfe *The King-Catholicall*,
As if Earths universall Globe were his:
For, though another hath usurp'd thereon,
That *Title*, doth belong to CHRIST, alone.
And, 'tis no marvell, if the *Potentates*,
And *Princes* of this world, shall now combine,
By policie, to strengthen their estates;
And, with the *Beast*, and *Gog*, and *Magog*, joyne;
No marvaile, if enraged they appeare,
Through jealousies and doubts, of losing that,
By which, their pride and lusts, maintained were,
And, which, base Feare, and Flattery first begat:
For, all those *Kingdomes*, and those *Emperies*,
Throughout the world, which their beginning tooke
By humane wit, fraud, force, or tyrannies;
Shall passe away, and vanish into smoake.
An *Armie*, whereof yet there's little hope,
Shall wrest the Scepter both from *Turke* and *Pope*.
Religion, and meere showes of Pietie,
Have been so long the masks for base designes:

The

The great *Vice-gerents* of the *Deitie*,
Have made such Polititians of *Divines*;
And these together have so fool'd and cheated
The consciences of people well inclin'd,
That of all *Freedomes* we are nigh defeated,
Belonging to the *Body* and the *Mind*.
Yea, GOD they so have mockt, and on his *Throne*
And his *Prerogative*, so farre incroach't,
That of his honour he is jealous growne,
And, will no longer, be by them reproach'd:
But, to the SAINTS, their liberties restore,
And, give those *Kings* their Portions with the *Whore*.
D'ye startle at it? as if I had spoke
High-Treason? or, as if what now I say,
Without a Warrant, I had undertooke
To certifie? Perhaps, you thinke, I may.
Know, therefore, that, I had this information
Not from a *private spirit*; but, from his
Known, and unquestionable *Revelation*,
Which, to the world, long since, revealed this.
Those *Kings*, which, to the LAMBE their crowns resign;
And shall (the BEAST opposing) be content
To raigne, according to the *Discipline*
Which CHRIST commands, shal keep their *Government*,
The rest shall weep, and waile, and curse their birth,
With wicked *Kings*, and *Merchants* of the earth.
CHRIST, and his LAMB, shall then beare all the sway,
By *Governments*, resembling that, perchance,
For which the *Iewes* GODS Yoke did cast away,
The *Kingship*, of the *Gentiles* to advance.
And, as GODS people, foolishly did crave
In stead of his milde *Scepter*, to obtaine
That *Heathenish-Monarchy*, which doth inslave
And seek, by *Arbitrary Power*, to raigne:
So, shall all people, then, desire to leave
Their *Ethnick-Chaines*, and, with his *holy-Nation*,

CHRISTS

CHRIST's Precepts, and his Discipline receive,
And, be partakers too of their *Salvation*.
And, when this glorious *Kingdome* shall begin,
The *Fullnesse of the Gentiles*, enters in.
God, hath so long deferred the possession
Of that great *Blisse*; because, our worldlinesse,
Hypocrisie, and discord, keepes the Blessing;
From ripening into such a Happinesse.
Some, in *unrighteousnesse*, the *Truth* retaine,
And, make the same thereby, the lesse believ'd.
Some, by an *Outward-holinesse* doe gaine
The meanes to have their *Heresies* receiv'd.
While some pursue the *Antichrist*, without them,
An *Antichrist*, ariseth up within them;
Which, if they looke not warily about them,
New worke for Reformation, will begin them!
But, GOD, will finish what he pre-ordain'd,
When *Penitence* and *Sin*, their heights have gain'd,
Oh! that I could expresse what glorious sights,
My soul hath glimpses of, by contemplation,
And to what brave and unbelieved heights,
They screw me, by an unperceiv'd gradation!
That blessed *Kingdome*, which, by Faith I see,
And know shall come; me thinks doth now appeare
Described by a Patterne unto me,
As if it painted, in dim Landskip, were:
And, my unbounded soule runs rambling over
So many objects, that, if she should give
Account, of ev'ry thing she can discover,
I should relate, what few would yet believe;
And give to fooles occasion, one time more,
To scoffe me; as they have done, heretofore.
Whilst thus I muz'd, behold, the foe came on,
And to possesse the bord'ring hills began;
My Colonell, experienc'd *Midleton*,
A valiant *Scot*, that day led up the *Van*.

A *Troope*

A *Troupe* that flankt him on the left I led:
The *word* was ordred forth, the ſouldier ſhouted;
Our martiall muſick them incouraged,
And, each from other, feares of danger flouted.
Our forces joyn'd in clouds of fiery ſmoke;
Whence many whizzing thunder-bolts were ſhot:
Our glittering ſwords, like flaſhing lightnings, ſtroke
Each others eyes, and bloody ſhowres begot;
Enough, whereby our courage might be tried;
And, yet, with no great loſſe, on either ſide.
For, leſt, while of (each part) the *Forlorne-hopes*
Together ſtrove, our ſide might ſeek to take
A *narrow-paſſe* (which might have made ſome ſtops,
To their great hazzard, in retreating back)
They wheel'd about, as if to gaine ſome ground
Of more advantage: ſo, before the place
We rightly knew, or their intention found,
Inſtead of a *Re-charge*, we gave them chaſe:
Which being finiſh't, and my warmed blood
Grown colder, by our adverſaries flight,
Another *Foe*, which long my peace withſtood,
A Challenge brought me, for another fight:
And, in the dark, when that daies march was done,
A ſecond furious battell was begun.
A ſtrong *Brigade*, was muſtred up together,
And many cunning Engines forth were brought,
Which doubtleſſe, had I come unarmed thither,
Had gained *him* the Victory, he ſought.
To undermine me, he, at firſt, perplext
My heart, with many deep and ſubtill queſtions:
To win that fortreſſe; he aſſayed, next,
By ſtrong perſwaſions, and untrue ſuggeſtions.
Then, with confuſed throngs of dangers, feares,
And, other ſuch like Inſtruments as thoſe,
By violence to ſtorme it, he prepares;
And, force prevailing not, his craft he ſhowes;

Which

Which, taking like effect, he beat the Drum,
And to't *Parlee* we began to come.
His *Generall* was that *Deluding-Reason*,
Which hath so much befool'd this Generation,
Defaming Loyaltie with termes of Treason,
And seeking *Truths*, and true mens defamation.
This is that *Grand-Impostresse*, which hath had
The power, of late, our *Clergie* to misguide,
To blind the *King*, to make the *Nobles* mad,
And lead the *Common-people* quite aside.
This is the *Mountebank* that cheats the Land,
With *Romish-Drugs*, and fills our heads with toyes,
That buildeth *Forts*, and *Churches*, in the Sand,
And faire, and firme foundations, oft destroyes.
And this is she that men so blinde doth make,
The shadow, for the substance, to mistake.
She thus began: *Within thy* Soveraignes *Land*
How dareſt thou, bold Traytor *to appeare*
Without his Approbation, or Command,
With that thy Troope, *of armed* Rebells, *there?*
Hast thou not heard those Royall Proclamations,
Which threaten those who thus themselves array?
Hast thou not read those learned Declarations,
That shew thee how thy Leaders goe astray?
Hast thou not heard the reverend Prelates *preach:*
That all the Kings *Commands must be obeyd?*
Hast thou not heard approved Doctors teach,
That, all we have must at their feet be laid?
And, that a Mortall *cloath'd with* Majestie,
Is little lower then the Deitie?
Thy service and obedience to the King,
Even God *himself injoines: Why dost thou then*
Assistance to his adversaries bring,
And rather disobey thy GOD, *then men?*
Nay, thou thy self hast that Allegiance taught,
Which now thou violat'st, and couldst foretell.

What

What mischiefes would upon their heads be brought;
Who should against their Soveraigne-Prince *rebell.*
Yet now, behold, thou neither having awe
Of thine owne Conscience, or the royall right,
Of GODS commands, or of the Kingdomes Law,
Dost arme thy selfe, against all these, to fight;
And, by pretences for the publike good,
Defil'st the Kidgdome, and thy selfe with blood.
An Arbitrarie-government *you blame,*
And to the Lawes, *your Actions seeme to tie;*
Yet by your Ordinances, *doe the same*
Which to the King, *unjustly you deny.*
You, for the Subjects *liberty contend,*
Yet into Prisons, freemen you have throwne.
To ease them of Taxations, *you pretend:*
Yet make them greater then were ever knowne.
You take from whom you please, and what you list;
And no man is assured of his own,
Or dares to contradict, much lesse resist.
Yea, lately, you so insolent are growne,
That, not the People, onely, you undoe,
But, many waies, abuse your Soveraigne too.
To make him rich, faire promises you made:
But, so far off have beene from adding more,
That you have taken from him what he had,
And rendred him lesse able then before.
To cherish Virtue, or to punish Vice,
Or to protect te wrong'd, or to relieve
The needy soule; you neither Offices,
Nor Armes, nor Rents, to his disposure give.
Gods glory, and Religious purity,
Sincerity to affect, you make a show:
But, thereof, we have small security,
Whilst pious Monuments you overthrow.
And whilst, you favour, cherish, and protect
The Schismaticks of every Giddie-Sect.

The

The King denyeth nothing he may grant,
But voweth and proteſteth, to maintain,
The true Religion of the Proteſtant;
And, would, the Subjects ſhould unwrong'd remain.
Of him you foſter cauſeleſſe jealouſies;
For, to the people, or the Parliament,
He hath intended no ſuch injuries,
As his depravers cauſeleſly invent,
He aimeth at the reall preſervation
Of Rights, Laws, Cuſtomes, and of all that's due
To Church, *or* Common-weale; *for which this Nation*
A publike, or juſt private claim can ſhew;
And that, which to preſerve, he doth aſſay,
You, Rebels, *ſeek to change, or take away.*
He ſtands oblig'd, the Kingdome to protect;
But, you his Towns, Arms, Forts, *and* Ships *doe ſeize,*
Whereby his Office wants a prime effect:
And, you againſt him, arme your ſelves with theſe.
The people you ſeduce, and you invent
Devices cunningly to drive away
The Lords *and* Commons *from the* Parliament,
That your owne pleaſures, there, enact you may.
The Kings *beſt friends for traytors you purſue:*
By Sequeſtrations *you have made them poore:*
Nay he himſelf misjudged is of you,
At leaſt, a fav'rer of the Scarlet-Whoore.
And he that was to be your glory borne,
Is now become an object of your ſcorne.
How can you ſafely therefore live or die
In ſuch a Cauſe? How can you, without feare,
Be actors in that bloody Tragedie?
Whereto, thus blindly, you advancing are?
How, will you to your GOD? how, to your King?
How, to this wronged Kingdome, *anſwer make?*
When by their power they ſhall that vengeance bring,
Which will be due, for what you undertake.

Thus far ſhe rav'd; and, further as I think
She had proceeded: But, I having ey'd
My *Troopers* (and perceiving ſome, to ſhrink
At her laſt words) firſt rein'd my horſe aſide
To cheer my *Troop*; then, wheel'd a little back,
And, to confute thoſe falſhoods, thus I ſpake.
Traitreſſe to *Reaſon*, that high heav'n-born-*Queen*,
Whom ev'ry earthly *Monarch* ſhould obey;
Thou who the Cauſe of all thoſe plagues haſt been
Which overflow this *Iſland*, at this day:
How long wilt thou perſiſt, with ſhows of truth
To colour falſhood? and, from thy deluſions,
Draw forth (to cozen heedleſſe age and youth)
Inconſequents, and frivolous concluſions?
In vain thou ſeek'ſt with words to terrifie
From what, with good adviſement, is begun.
With honour, we have hope to live, and dye,
What ever can by thee be ſaid, or done,
And, in our juſt reſolves will ſettle faſt,
In ſpight of all the Sophiſtry thou haſt.
Imprudent *Amazon*, why com'ſt thou arm'd
With *Potguns*, and with *Kexes* to invade,
A Skonce that's ſtriple fortifi'd, and charm'd,
By *Spels*, which to ſecure it, Reaſon made?
Beleeveſt thou, Lyes, Fallacies and ſhows
Chew'd into paper-pellets, can affright
Ought elſe but Regiments of Daws and Crows?
Or, things that come to feed, but not to fight?
When to my face, thou falſly dar'ſt accuſe
My Conſcience, which none knows but GOD and I,
And wouldſt my own belief thereof abuſe,
Behind my back, how wilt thou me belye?
My *Writings* too, in favour of thy Cauſe,
Thou underſtandeſt, as thou doſt the *Laws*.
Their Author is in being, ſo am I;
The *Laws* true ſence is that which they ſhall give;

And

And, I am he that best can testifie
The meaning of my *Poems*, whilst I live.
I have not swerv'd essentially from ought,
(If well my words, and deeds be understood)
Which I have either counselled or taught,
Pertaining to the *King*, or *Common-good*.
And though thy friends report that I rebell,
And *Balaam*-like, against my knowledge too,
(When I had both fore-told, and counsell'd well
What would befall, and what men ought to do)
I shall occasions finde, my selfe to clear
Of all, whereof I guilty may appear.
The factions of our *Clergie* I foresaw,
The progresse of their factions I foretold;
Which way the one our *Sov'raign*'s heart should draw,
Which way the other, tempt the people should:
And, thereupon my soule (as well it might)
Fearing such mischiefs as from thence do spring,
According to the measure of her light,
Did counsell both the *People*, and the *King*.
The *King* proceeded, as his Prophets taught,
(For their despight made void my good intent)
The other faction of the Clergie sought
To work upon the peoples discontent:
And, had not, then, a miracle been done,
It had, long since, Rebellion here begun.
For, had not GOD, beyond all hopes of our,
When plotted mischiefs were to rpeneſſe come,
Vouchsafed us a Parliamentall power,
The sin, which I most fear'd, to keep us from:
My wit perceives not how the peoples rage
(Provoked so, as then it would have bin)
Should means have found that fury to asswage,
Which would have brought a true Rebellion in.
Nay, to such heights was discontentment rais'd,
That, if this present timely *Parliament*

(Which never can sufficiently be prais'd)
Had not enabled been, as well as sent
By GOD himself, a wondrous worke to doe,
They had ere this, been slaves and rebels too.
But having by meer providence procur'd
The priviledge for their continuation,
To be by an *Enacted-Law* secur'd,
Till they saw cause to give it limitation;
Such courage thereby took they, and such hope,
Their good endeavours should not be undone.
As heretofore (through want of time and scope
To perfect things which they had well begun)
That, they have qualifi'd the fiery zeale,
Which might have kindled a rebellious flame;
And armed lawfully this *Common-weale*,
To make a just defence as her became:
For, tis her safety, that secures the *King*:
And her destruction, will his ruine bring.
We are not come, our *Soveraigne* to oppose,
But for him, we thus armed now appear,
By Warrant, and Authority from those,
Who, to conferre it, well enabled were:
Ev'n by that *Supreme-Councell*, whence do come
All acts that most concerne the publike-Weale;
The sacred *Senate*, from whose finall doome,
We cannot to another Judge appeale.
When *that* commands, the *Kings* commands they be,
More binding, then his personall Injunction;
In their contempt, dishonoured is he,
And disobeyed in his noblest function.
In his, we but his *Person* disobey;
In their, his *Powre*, and *Office* we gain-say.
We heare indeed, some time, a *Proclamation*
Injoyning that, or else forbidding this:
But how, I pray shall we have information,
Whose will and pleasure, and whose deed it is?

The

The *Person* of the King we seldom see;
His *Court* is now a place uncertain grown:
With him, no lawfull Councellors hath he;
How then, of us, can his true mind be known?
Since in his *Name*, anothers *Will* may come,
We neither knowing whence, nor yet from whom?
The Court of *Parliament* appears to all,
To have therein, the Royall *Power*, and *Name*:
It keepes the *Place*, whereto the King did call,
And virtually abideth still the same.
That *Order*, *Ordinance*, and that *Commission*,
Which issues forth from them, to us appears
To be their act and deed, without suspition,
And we obey it as the *Kings*, and theirs:
Why, therefore, should we be reproach't and blam'd,
Because, we are not rather guided by
A *printed sheet*, wherein the *King* is nam'd,
To draw us, our knowne duty to deny?
By telling us, a trayt'rous part we play:
Vnlesse, our *King* and *Country*, we betray?
Me thinks, it were a motive somwhat odd,
That those few lines, which ill-advice might draw,
Beginning thus, CHARLES *by the grace of* GOD,
Should more oblige, then equity and *Law*.
Yet, this is our condition, and unlesse
We will suspect our eye-sight, and our hearing:
And say we are in state of happinesse,
When universall ruine we are fearing;
Or, else, believe, (as many seem to do,
Though false it be) what ere our foes perswade;
And will be Infidells, and Asses too,
Or such tame Fools, as they of some have made,
We must be censur'd in our noblest action,
To have unjust designes, and side with faction.
Vnlesse with *Rehoboams* Cavaliers,
We will bring aid and counsell to oppresse:

Vnleſſe, we will not thinke that all our Fears,
Are without reall ground, and reaſonleſſe:
Vnleſſe, we will beleeve *Achitophel*;
The *Paraſites* of *Ioaſh*, *Iudas* King;
The Prieſts of *Ahab*, *Baal*, and *Iezabel*,
Which to Idolatry this Land would bring;
Vnleſſe, our ſelves meer ſlaves we will repute;
Vnleſſe, we will againſt all right and Reaſon,
GODS Epithetes, to *Princes* attribute;
Or falſly, ſay, our *Loyalty* is Treaſon,
Or, do, as Fools and Traytors have appointed,
We fiight (forſooth) againſt the Lords annointed.
Yea, then it muſt be told me, I rebell:
That, I reſiſt my *Sovereign* and the *Laws*;
That *Balaam*-like the truth I could foretell;
And know the right, yet aid an evill cauſe.
But, what am I? Thou ſayſt, the *Parliament*
(Though ſhows of other purpoſes it carry)
In practice doth approve that *Goverment*,
Which in the *King*, they ſay, is *Arbitrary*;
Which is untrue. For, Arbitrary *Sway*
Is that which governs by the *Will* of ONE:
But, when their *Ordinances* we obey:
To *Reaſon* we ſubmit, agreed upon
By many, choſen out to that intent,
Both by our own, and by the *Kings* conſent.
What ever then that *Counſell* ſhall ordain,
Is in effect the *Pleaſure* of the *King*,
And our united; whereof to complain,
It were a cauſleſſe, and a fooliſh thing.
And, though we may have grievances thereby
We cannot call them injuries, by reaſon
'Twas to prevent a laſting miſery,
By making us to ſuffer, for a ſeaſon.
The *Parliament* abridgeth no mans right,
Takes no mans Liberty or goods away

To

To favour some, and other to dispight;
Or, that themselves therewith enrich they may;
But seize it for the *Publike*; and from those,
Who, to the publike harme, thereof dispose.
Perhaps, unruly Souldiers (and some too
Who them command) will practise, now and then,
Harsh violence, as Devils use to do,
Who, at these times, come forth in the shape of men.
But, from such insolencies I am free
And ev'ry way so cleer; that though our Foes
Of *all I had have quite dispoyled me; * *To the value of above 2000.l.*
And, though I was authorized by those
Who pow'r might give my losses to redresse
On them who robbed me; I have not sought
Without compassion, or with greedinesse,
To mend my Fortunes, as I heare 'tis thought;
But tooke that only which the present need
Requir'd; my selfe, and Family to Feed.
Yea, saving when from home we marched far,
And thither, where, perforce, we did indure
The hard, and strong necessities of war,
Through want of means, things needfull to procure?
We nothing took without a recompence:
Nor (to my knowledge) either then, or there,
But, with good words, and, without violence;
And, nought but what did need, & they might spare:
Nor did I, or, my *Troopers*, leave unpaid
Our *Quarters* any where, whilst we had pay:
And, since our entertainments were delaid,
They have my word for payment, when I may.
And, By thus *taking*, *Souldiers* grieve men lesse
In times of *War*, then *Courtiers* did in *Peace*,
We take not, as *Monopolizers* do,
And, begger *Many*; to enrich but *One:*
Nor take we from, both poore, and wealthly, too,
As *Tyrants*, that our pleasure might be done,

Nor as the damn'd-ſelf damning Cavalleer,
Who for his luſts and to the Kingdoms harm,
From good and bad, from friend and foe, doth teare,
What ever may be reached with his arme.
The *Parliament* (a Body repreſenting
The Kingdomes) takes from none; but of her own
Takes part, for furtherance, or for preventing
Of good or evill, either fear'd or known:
And, if this be unjuſt, or lawleſſe takeing,
It is not by a Law of Reaſons making.
For as the *Body-naturall* may take
From hands or feet, or any other part,
To wrap about the head when it ſhall ake;
Or, warme to keep the ſtomack, or the heart,
When Life is elſe in danger: right ſo, may
The Body-politike, without reproof,
From any of her *Members*, take away,
For it own preſervation, or behoof.
Yea, doubtleſſe, if a man his goods may ſpend,
His body to redeem; or, give conſent
Some *Blood* to loſe, or *Member*, to this end,
That he the loſſe of life might ſo prevent;
Much more may that *Great Bodie* do the ſame,
Without the brand of injury, or blame.
The *taxes*, which our *Parliament* impoſe,
Are not to grieve the people; but to aide,
And ſtrengthen them againſt the powre of thoſe,
By whom uneaſie burthens have been laid.
If they be greater now, then heretofore,
It is becauſe neceſſities are greater;
And, now require, we ſhould beſtow the more,
To make, hereafter, our aſſurance better.
And pittie were it, but he ſhould be father
To none but ſlaves, or to a generation
Who ſhould not dare old rotten rags to gather
Without a Patent, and a Proclamation

Who

Who for his Countrey, thinks his goods too much;
Or, would his life in this adventure grutch.
As for their loyall offers to the *King*,
They ready were; and are as ready ſtill,
Their wealth, and power, and all they have to bring
To ſerve him, if his part he ſhall fulfill.
They would be loth his treaſure to increaſe,
To purchaſe inſtruments, wherewith to ſlay them;
Or, raiſe an Army, to diſturb their peace;
Or, to corrupt their Captains, to betray them.
They ſhould be loth to give him Rents and Lands,
Buffoones, and men unworthie to advance;
That they might weaken us, and arm his hands,
To make us *Subjects* A la meed de *FRANCE*.
But, for his Guard, and for the publike-peace,
Our Goods, our Lives, and all we have is his.
If his *Revennes*, in their hands they ſtay,
It is not without reaſon (as is thought)
But, to ſecure his *Crown*, and to defray
The charge of *War*, which he on us hath brought.
If they, with his diſpoſure, now withdraw
Some things, by *Him* diſpos'd of heretofore,
It is becauſe their right it is by *Law*;
And, ought to be neglected ſo no more.
When things permitted out of good reſpects
Are challenged as cuſtomary rights;
And, when good meanings bring forth ill effects,
Tis time to take more heed of overſights;
And, that, by having erred heretofore,
We may not be undone for evermore.
Ships, *Forts*, and *Arms* belong unto the *Prince*,
Not for himſelf, but for the publike uſe:
They therefore keeping them for his defence,
(And for the *Kingdoms* good) what needs excuſe?
Or, if they ſeazed on them, with intent
To prepoſſeſſe them, that they might in time.

Their

Their foes inhumane purposes prevent;
It was no fault; or, else, a veniall Crime.
They make their *Ordinances* not for *Laws*,
But for the present need, to be in force;
Lest Law-proceedings being at a pause,
The mischiefs (over-great) grow dayly worse,
And, none denyes the *Parliament*, this power
But, they who seeke their freedoms to devour.
Though Libellous Detractors, and that Rabble,
Whom thy deluding Sophistries deceive,
Pretend their purpose is dishonourable,
And, of his dues, our *Soveraign* to bereave;
Your slanderous Allegations are untrue,
And rais'd by those who hate the *Parliament*;
Because, a *Reformation* they pursue,
And that, which may their purposes prevent.
Far is it, either from their thought, or our
The *King*, of his just profits to defeat;
Or to deprive him of that Kingly powre
Whose want may make his honour incompleat,
By taking, or by clipping (to his wrong)
Those Rights, which to his *Office* do belong.
When ought they take, it is to take away
That mischief, which may take him from his Throne.
When they deny, it is not to gainesay,
But, that his lawfull pleasure may be done.
When they disarme him, 'tis but that his foes
Might not with his own weapons him destroy.
When they his Rents with-hold, it is that those
Should not his wealth to his own losse imploy.
Have they restrain'd his power? they did it not
To limit him; but, that his *Parasites*,
Should not to his dishonour, him besot;
And, make that, *Pander*, to their appetites,
Till by their wicked practices, first *we*
Are to their wils inslaved; and, then *He*,

The

The worſt condition they would bring him to,
Is onely this; that, if he or his Sonne,
By ill adviſement, would themſelves undo,
No innocent ſhould thereby be undone.
Nor they, if during life, *Manaſſeth*-like,
They could repent. This brave *prerogative*,
This *Priviledge*, for him, and his, we ſeek;
That, nothing of his *Throne* might him deptive.
We labour, that it gloriouſly might ſtand,
By *Righteouſneſſe* upheld: and, that his *Line*
May bear the *Royall-Scepter* in this *Land*,
As long as either *Sun*, or *Moon* ſhall ſhine,
By being made, true *Homagers* to *Him*,
That wears the univerſall *Diadem*.
They would not have him, or his child, hereafter,
Suppoſe that an advantage can be had,
By bringing to his bed King *Pharaohs* daughter;
Or, any with whom, GOD, the *Banes* forbad.
We would not have him *Rehoboam*-like,
Advance his Throne by tyrannous oppreſſion:
Or (led by fooliſh counſell) *Shadows* ſeek
Till he had loſt the *Subſtance* in poſſeſſion.
They would not have him ſet up *golden-Calves*,
With *Ieroboam*; and ſuppoſe to ſave
By policy, and ſerving GOD, by halves,
That Kingdome, which to him, he freely gave.
Till he, like him, hath made the people ſin,
And, brought our *Endleſſe-deſolation* in.
They would not have him, *Ahab*-like, miſled
By wicked female Councels; or, by thoſe
Diſſembling *Prieſts* and *Prophets*, who have bred
That Plague, which now this Iſland, overgrows.
Nor would they that (with King *Iehoſaphat*)
Some fruitleſſe complements, or cauſleſſe fears,
Should draw him, to become confederate,
With ſuch as are profeſt *Idolaters*.

But

But, that like *David*, he ſhould purge his Court
From impudent offenders; and from all
Thoſe practiſes, which are of ill report;
And chiefly thoſe, which will for vengeance call:
That ſo his Kingdom might be ſafe in GOD,
From Traytors here at home: and foes abroad.
They will not have his *Minions* rob his *Name*
Of all that honour which thereto belongs;
And, in requitall, make him beare the blame
Of their loud-crying cruelties and wrongs.
They would not have ſuch honourable Place,
Fild up, in ſtead of Princes, with ſuch groomes,
As to this Kindomes, and our Kings diſgrace,
Late fild, and yet defile theſe nobleſt Rooms:
Fellowes, of whom the publike fame records
No merit; unleſſe merit be in roring,
In being truſty Panders to their Lords,
In gaming, drinking, quarrelling, and whoring:
For, by theſe vertues, from a trencher-man,
A Princes Minion, riſeth, now and than.
They would not at the ſacred *Councell-board*,
That, Luſt, and Pride and Avarice ſhould ſit
Arrayed, and intitled like a *Lord*,
That hath no credit, honeſty, nor wit
Or ſuch a Ruffian, as (when ſuiters there,
In humble wiſe their grievances prefer)
Shall ſweare, GOD, *damne me, I will nothing heare,*
That is inform'd againſt an Officer:
Or ſuch, as with notorious impudence,
Shall taunt imperiouſly, or tartly blame
A man, that is of well known innocence,
When they themſelves do merit publike ſhame;
Becauſe in publike view, and without aw,
They violate divine, and humane Law.
We would preſerve our *Sovereign* honourable:
Not by a blaſt of ayry Attributes;

Much

Much leſſe by thoſe that are unwarrantable,
And, ſuch as flatterie alone, imputes,
We wiſh he may be great, but not (with ſome)
So great, as from a lawfull King, to ſwell
Into a *Tyrant*; and by that means come
To gain a principality in hell.
We wiſh him rich; but, not by tricks, that may
Inrich projectors more: and, laſtly prove
A cheat, procuring him, another way,
A greater damage in his peoples love:
But, of theſe things, we wiſh him ſo poſſeſt,
That they [redacted] may make him happie, and us bleſt,
The Parliament would ſo our King enable,
If they, by their adviſement, would proceed,
As that, hereafter, no diſhonourable,
Vnſafe, or unfit courſes they ſhould need.
We bluſh (and are aſham'd, as well as griev'd)
That they of whom, we, Juſtice ſhould obtain,
(When injuries from others we receive)
Give cauſe of greater ſufferings to complain.
We think what ere ſeducing Prelates ſay,
They ſhould have conſciences as well as we:
And, may have ſoules, which will, another day,
Made ſubject to the common Judgement be.
And, we would have them none of thoſe, that ſhall
Cry to the Mountains, down on them to fall.
We would not have them, to our daily ſorrow,
And their diſhonour, wrong'd by ſuch, as they,
Who keep them ſtill ſo needy as to borrow:
And never in condition to repay.
We would not have them live, and die in debt,
(As uſually they do) with regard,
Whoſe wants, and whoſe complainings they forget:
And whoſe deſerts they leave without reward:
Or, need to be incumbred with ſo many
Oppreſſing Officers (who from us teare

A ſhilling for themſelves, for him, a penny;
Yet Raven-like, ſtill, hungry Carions are)
If their eſtates were ſetled once aright,
And mannaged by men that are upright.
Then, ſhould our princes never need to ſend
Their *Privy-Seals*, to borrow for their uſe;
And, when they come where nothing is to lend,
Be much diſpleaſed at a juſt excuſe.
Nor ſhould they need to ſeek, as oft they do,
By petty Loans, a generall ſupply;
And (which ill ſuits with borrowing) threaten too,
If we their expectation ſhall deny:
Nor take ſuch other courſes, as of late
Have been devis'd; and, which are baſer, farre,
Then our Collections at the Church-yard-gate;
Yea, baſer then our Countrey *Help-Ales* are:
And which a generous mind would ſcarce admit,
Whilſt he had rags to weare, or pulſe to eat.
For, who can mention, without Indignation,
Thoſe Raſcall Projects, wherewith ſome pretended
His Majeſties Revenues augmentation?
As when, with *Sope*, and *Pins*, they him befriended?
Or, when they rayſed Fines, by *Proclamation*,
From Labourers, and Beggers Cottages;
Or, from their *new-invented-Corporation*,
Saults, *Maults*, and *Coals*, with ſuch like things as theſe?
Or, if I erre not, ſome, from baſer things,
To rayſe the Kings Revenue, made a ſhow;
Ev'n from *old Rags*, from *Guts*, *for Fiddle-ſtrings*;
And, if theſe Projects had not been enow,
I think, ere this, there had been ſome device,
To raiſe a profit out of *Nits* and *Lice*.
We ſcorn, this Kingdom, or our King ſhould be
Diſhonour'd by ſuch beggarly inventions:
To make him rich, a nobler way have we,
When he ſhall pleaſe to like of our intentions.

And

And, whatsoere thy sland'rous tongue hath said,
We seek out *Soveraignes* welfare; and, with him
No guilefull, or disloyall Parts have plaid,
To wrong the *Sceepter*, or the *Diadem*.
Nor have we raced any Monument
Of *Christian-Piety*; the *Crosse* except,
That we might those Idolatries prevent,
Which in, amongst us, by that Relique crept.
And, down (for ought I know) the *Crosse* was took,
As justy, as the *Brazen Snake* was broke.
For, though, when *Christianity* began,
And *Iewes*, and *Gentiles*, mentioned with scorn,
Christ-crucifi'd, unto the Christian-man,
That badge was then with approbation worn,
Because, it witnes'd them, no whit asham'd
Of *Him*, in whom they did professe belief,
Though doom'd he was, unto a death defam'd,
And suffer'd as a murtherer, or theef:
Yet, since the *Popelings* have a trick devis'd,
To lift it up, above the civill use,
And, for a *Saint*, the same hath canoniz'd,
And, stain'd it, by Idolatrous abuse.
We have rejected it, as, now, become
A wanton *Token* from the whore of *Roome*.
That *Sects*, or *Shismes*, we favour, I deny;
For, *Law*, and true *Religion* we befriend,
Against their fury and Idolatry,
Whom you have arm'd, injustice to defend.
We to be regulated are content,
(Not, by the fancies of one private braine,
Or, by a few, that came ere they were sent)
By those, to whom such matters appertaine.
Some *Lawyers* have the sense of *Law* estrang'd
From what it was: some, *Priests*, and *Prelates* too,
Both Doctrines and Church-Discipline have chang'd,
From that which was establish'd long agoe;

That

That, therefore we might in the truth abide,
We by the Fountaines would have all things tride:
Though of her Members, faulty some appeare,
The *Parliaments* maine purpose is upright
And, while preserved their *Foundations* are,
The *Righteous* cannot lose their labours quite.
Although the *Kings* intentions may be good,
(As I still hope they be) yet, most of those
That give him counsell, now, are men of blood;
And, such as dutie bindes us to oppose.
'Twere no discretion to commit my *Sword*
To him, who straight would give it to my foe.
Nor were it wisely done, to take his word,
Who knowes not, what he shall have powre to do.
For, oft, from *Reason*, other men estrange us.
And, other while, our own corruptions change us.
Thou saist, the *King* hath vowed, and protests,
Our Laws, and our Religion to defend.
We ask no more, unlesse, as in the breasts
Of private men they are, he shall intend:
Or, shall conceive, that he the Law doth carie
Within himselfe: For, that doth plainly show
The government he seeks, is *Arbitrarie*;
Which, humbly we denie to be his due.
I say the *Law* now armes me. He saies no;
And, calls me traitor, for what I have done
The *Parliament* affirmes I faile to doe
My dutie, if another course I run:
And how the *King* in Law more skil'd can grow
Then they that made it, I would gladly know.
It were a fancie, to affirme he gained
A knowledge of our *Lawes* by *Revelation*,
Or that he studied them: then, he obtained
His notions of them, by meere information,
And who are his Informers, now, but those.
That, are the chiefe transgressors of the *Law*?

They

They who essentially the same oppose?
Who, from it, their obedience quite withdraw?
They, whose Delinquencie had made them feare,
To let the *Lawes* true power or sense be knowne?
Because, if their true vigour should appeare,
These, and their Structures, would be overthrowne.
Yes, they from whom, he learn'd his chiefest skill,
Are they, who tell him, *Law* is, *What he will.*
If thou shalt say, his Informations are
From those, that in our Lawes most skilfull be,
And, men unblam'd; admitting, such they were;
(Though that is nor believ'd, nor knowne of me)
This, I am certaine of, my undertaking
Was, by no such meane councell undergone,
Nor by a warrant of that private making,
But, by a stronger; by a publike one:
Ev'n by that *Senate*, whence our *Law* doth spring:
By that great *Court*, which is, by all, confest
Chiefe-Councell, to the Kingdome, and the King:
The Ladie and Commandresse of the rest:
By those, from whom the *Lawes* that bind this *nation*,
Receive both *being*, and interpretation.
Should I the judgement of that *Court* despise
For their, whom yet, I neither heard, nor saw?
Because a few, did other waies advise,
More blam'd for arrogance, then fam'd for Law?
And, is it not of dangerous consequence,
That, to his rev'rend *Parliaments* disgrace,
The *King*, in doubtfull points, should leave their *sense*,
For *judgements*, which from private spirits passe?
For, if a private spirit vouch'd may be
Against that *Court*, for *Him*: why may it not
Against *Him*, be as well avouch'd for me.
If to contend, I powre enough had got?
Grant this, and every man as well may hope
To damne a *Generall-Councell*, as the Pope.

Grant this, and none can doubt the *Kings* intent,
The *Proteſtant-Religion* to maintaine,
And all the *Freedomes* of the *Parliament*;
That they are in his Boſome, and his Braine.
And what he will, yea, ſometime, what his Groome
Shall make him to believe, or underſtand,
(Though all his dictates be receiv'd from *Rome*)
Is then, the *Law* and *Goſpell* of the Land.
Moſt *Prelates*, and moſt *Iudges* were the Creatures
Of *Princes*, and their Minions; therefore, theſe
Make for them (as their Vaſſals, and their Debters)
Religion, and the *Lawes*, ev'n when they pleaſe.
And, hence our ſtrifes, and all diviſions ſpring,
Twixt GOD, and *us*, the *People*, and the *King*.
We would not bar our Sov'raignes, any powre
Which fortifies, or dignifies the *Crowne*:
Nor loſe one lawfull Priviledge that's our,
When we are well inform'd what is our owne.
The People, did firſt make both *Lawes* and *Kings*:
And, for their owne ſecurity, did make them:
Then, he that ſhall repute them, to be things
Ordain'd for other ends, doth much miſtake them.
Now, for themſelves, if *Lawes* and *Kings* they made,
The *makers* had been mad men, to intend
They ſhould a *meaning*, or a *Powre*, have had
To make them uſeleſſe to their chiefeſt *End*,
And give *Prerogatives*, or *meanings* to them,
That, ſhould, in ſtead of ſaving, helpe *undoe* them.
True Reaſon, therefore warrants me to ſay,
That, when we ſee the *Law* a *ſenſe* doth give,
Which taketh any publique right away;
Or ſtretcheth ſo the Kings *Prerogative*,
As that the Kingdome is oppreſt thereby,
Or, of the publique ſafety brought in feare;
Or, doubtfull of approaching tyrannie;
Or, liable to miſchiefes may appeare;

That

That ſenſe of *Law* is falſe; uſurped be
All ſuch *Prerogatives*: And, nor by *time*,
Or frequent *preſidents*, oblig'd are we
To let our Freedomes, be infring'd by them:
But, we ſhould claim, and take, what proveth our,
As oft, as GOD ſhall give us means and powre.
Though ſome Hiſtorians, and the flattring *Pen*,
Have ſtil'd the *Norman*, CONQVEROR; nor he,
Nor any one before him, or ſince then,
Can ſay, that we a conquer'd *Nation* be.
For, by a *Compoſition*, and on termes
Becomming *Free-men*, we remain'd poſſeſt
Of *Liberty*; and WILLIAM threw downe armes,
Accepting of that ſhare we valued leaſt.
And, had we not as well by *Oath*, as *Word*,
Been re-inveſted in our *Native-right*,
That which we loſt unjuſtly, by the *Sword*,
At all times, by the *Sword* attempt we might,
To re-poſſeſſe, when GOD makes warrantable,
That enterprize, by making of us able.
For, this I partly fight: not with the *King*;
But, with thoſe *Miſcreants* who ſeek our harme:
And, his abuſed *Name*, and Perſon, bring
Vnwarie people, by faire ſhowes, to charme.
And, ere they ſhall accompliſh their intent
By ſlaving Him, their projects to befriend;
Or by diſhon'ring of the *Parliament*;
My life time, in this Quarrell, I will ſpend.
Or, if I muſt unhappily ſurvive
To ſee our *Engliſh-Honour* overthrowne,
I will not (if I may avoid it) live
To be a ſlave, where I did freedome owne.
Nor willingly, in any Land remaine,
In which a *Tyrant* (call'd a King) ſhall raigne.
This *Quarrell*, above thirtie yeares before
The *Sword* was drawne, I fought in, with my *Pen*;

Till I by *Tyrannie* was made so poore,
As that they thought, I ne're should rise agen.
Without an *Armie*, or a *Parliament*
To side withall; without one able friend;
Without reward, without incouragement,
To further that which I did well intend:
Nay, strugling through much envie and despight,
That *Warfare* I continue to this houre:
And, in this *Warfare*, am resolv'd to fight,
Whilst I to hold a *Sword* or *Pen*, have powre,
Till I have compast, what, in hope, I have;
Or, brought my tired bodie to the *Grave*.
For, peradventure, we are growne so bad,
So false to GOD, so false in ev'rie thing,
Both to our selves, and others; and have had
So many *Mercies*, whence, no fruits doe spring,
That, God will give this present *Generation*,
To be what most deserve and some desire;
Ev'n to be slaves to that *Abhomination*,
With which their lives are doomed to expire.
If so, then am I called to this fight,
But, onely, that my dutie might be done:
And in this manner, have been mov'd to write,
That, for our sin, excuse we may have none:
And, GOD's great *worke*, which he will bring about,
Shall be delay'd, till this vile *Race* be out.
Then, shall the age to come, pick up, and gather
These droppings of my *Pen*, which now they scorne;
And wonder, men esteemed them no rather:
And pittie those afflictions I have borne.
Then, they shall scan each Page, and every *Line*,
And, finde rak'd up, among my *Vanities*,
Expressions, which will show, that *Sparks* divine
Of *Heavenly-Fire*, in earthly Cinders lies.
Then, they shall come to understand and know,
That many future things I did behold,

Beside

Beſide that one, which is acknowledg'd, now,
To be fulfilled, as it was foretold.
But, MVSE, thou art almoſt without the LIST:
Returne againe to thy *Antagoniſt*.
Thou chargeſt us, *Deluſion*, with ſuch things
As no way correſpond with our intentions,
And, proof whereof, no creature living brings:
For, they indeed are meerly thy inventions.
The goods of none we ceaze, or ſequeſtrate,
Becauſe, they to the King, are faithfull friends;
But, for their faithleſneſſe unto the *State*,
And, ſerving *Him*, to baſe and evill ends.
Nor of our *Soveraigne*, cenſure we amiſſe:
But them we rightly judge, that him miſguide:
For, in his actions, that which evill is,
To them pertaines, who draw his heart aſide.
In publike Acts, *The King can doe no wrong*,
Becauſe, unto his Counſell they belong.
The King can do no wrong, as he is *King*:
For, GOD ordained, and man did intend,
Him, not to hurt, or plagues on them to bring,
But, for their good, and good men to defend.
The *King*, as *King*, *can do no wrong*; becauſe
He can do nothing, but, what he may doe
According to divine, and humane Lawes:
And, what the *publike-peace* invites him to.
The King can do no wrong: becauſe, what ere
He doth as *King*, is never duely done,
But, by ſome publique Vote, or Officer,
Or, they conſenting, if he act alone.
For, all he doth, whence any wrong proceeds,
Are not his Royall, but, his private deeds.
The King can do no wrong: For, if there be
Injuſtice done; his Officers are they
Who doe it: and, by *Law* they onely be
Accomptable. And, therein, praiſe I may

The wisdome of our *Lawes*; for, had there been
By them, provided Legall *Punishment*
For *Kings*; no man would be a *King*, I ween,
But he, that could not such a Lot prevent.
For, were it so, then if *Court-Parasites*
Corrupt young Kings, and draw them to command
That sin, whereto their ill advice invites,
Kings, at the Barre, for their Offence, might stand:
And they might free themselves from ev'ry thing
Which they mis-doe: and lay it on the *King*.
And, who would be their Officers, if *Kings*
Were liable to Legall punishment
In person (as a Subject) for the things
Mis-done, by their commandment, or assent:
For, if they shall be *Tyrants*, or such *Princes*,
As make but little conscience of their way,
Whom will they not accuse of those Offences,
To free themselves from suffring, if they may?
And then, though they accuse men innocent,
Who would not think a King should be believ'd
Before his Vassall? and appeare content,
He, thereby, should from suffering be repriev'd?
Yea, great absurdities from thence might flow,
If *Law* conceiv'd, the King a wrong might do.
The King can do no wrong: and, therefore, those
Who shall his personall commands obey,
In ought, which doth his *Legall Will* oppose,
Should beare, alone, that paine the Law doth lay:
Because, the Law of nothing else takes heed,
But onely of those things that it commands,
Or, of those evils which it doth forbid:
And, for no private *will*, or *pleasure* stands.
The King can do no wrong: for it destroies
The *Essence of a King*: and doth deprive
Of ev'rie *Priviledge*, which he enjoies
By virtue of a *Kings Prerogative*.

And,

And, from Allegiance frees in ev'rie thing,
Which he commands, beſeeming not a *King*.
For, unto *Kings*, is our *Allegiance* ſworne,
Not unto *Tyrants*, who ſhall fondly dream
That *Kingdomes* have been made, and *Subjects* borne
For nothing elſe, but to be ſlaves to them.
Yet, here miſtake me not: we are not (tho
They tyrannize) from all Allegiance free:
But, onely, from an Obligation to
Obedience, in thoſe things that lawleſſe be.
We, to their *legall wills and pleaſures*, ever,
Muſt yeeld ſubmiſſion; and, with due reſpects,
In ev'rie act of Loyaltie perſever:
And, leave to GOD, their perſonall defects.
For, well enough great miſchiefs it prevents,
When *Law* takes hold of all their *Inſtruments*.
What can a King, to harm the publike, doe
In his own perſon? If by *Law* we may
Lay hold on thoſe, that counſell him unto
A wrong? and thoſe whom he ſhall miſ-employ?
If in the *lawfull-powre*, a RIGHT there be;
And, therewith, STRENGTH enough to ſeize on *Them*:
He hurts us not. And, if too weak are we,
What get we, though the Law might puniſh *Him*?
Then, as his *Perſon* by our *Law* is freed
From ev'rie violence (except from that
Which may reſtraine his *Perſon* from a deed
Deſtructive to his *Perſon*, or the *State*)
So be it ever free. And, bleſt be thoſe,
That ſerve him, with true ſervice, where he goes.
We, no man charge with treaſons, none we blame,
That guiltleſſe is of his imputed crime,
And free from juſt ſuſpitions of the ſame;
As will be rendred manifeſt, in time.
The King from all aſperſions cleare would we,
Which without publike dammage might be hid,

Though, to himſelf thoſe things aſſum'd hath he,
Which (as a King) we know, he never did.
What earthly wiſdome can a means deviſe
His honour to preſerve, againſt his will?
Or, do him right, that hearkens unto lies?
Yet, this, we, to our pow'er, endeavour ſtill.
And free we are, from being juſtly blam'd,
For having, wilfully, the King defam'd.
We none ſeduce, but, labour, how we may
Prevent ſeducements; by right informations;
And, thoſe effects, to change, or take away,
Which may ariſe from lying Declarations.
By us, no Member of the *Parliament*
Was driven thence: But, for their private ends,
Vnworthily, ſome from that ſervice went,
Which ev'ry worthy Member ſtill attends.
Some, to the King repair'd, in hope, to get
A *Title*: Some, becauſe they had miſ-done:
Some wanted honeſty, ſome wanted wit;
Some went, becauſe their Miſtreſſes were gone.
Some fled for companie, and ſome did fly,
(If I am not deceiv'd) they knew not why.
Thus much I know; that *He*, who led them forth,
And *They*, who follow'd *Him*, in hope to finde
A *Cloud*, to hide their Project, in the North;
Did leave us, nor ſo ſottiſh, nor ſo blind,
But that we found their aimes; and ſoon perceiv'd,
What tales, they meant, the people ſhould believe;
What hooks they baited, and what webs they weav'd,
The (ſoone-miſguided) people to deceive.
And, he, that will, may know, that, neither *They*
Who follow'd, neither *He*, that went before,
Knew reaſon, why he ſhould depart away:
For here he might have ſtayed, honour'd more,
More ſafe, more fear'd, more love'd, more happy here,
Then they, or we, by their departure were.

Could

Could any, but meer impudence, averre
That nothing, of our due, the King denies?
When they who chief in our Oppreſſions are,
Are, at this day, moſt favour'd in his eyes?
Can we have hope our ſafeties to enjoy,
When they are ſtill his Councell, who intend
Our lawfull Rights, and Freedoms to deſtroy?
And, thither all their force and cunning bend?
Is true *Religion* like to be maintain'd?
While they, who innovated every day,
(And, have their old Affections, yet reſtrain'd)
Are kept in hope, their former parts to play?
Or, can we think, the Popiſh Generation
Are arm'd, for our Religions preſervation?
Can we have in us, either heart, or braines,
If we believe this? when to mind we call
How great a multitude of ſouls complains,
Which in the *Iriſh-Maſſacre* did fall?
If we propoſe before our ears, and eyes,
The horrid murthers of our brethren, there,
Their fears, their ſad deſtractions, and their cries,
When, by their Butchers, they ſurpriſed were.
How terrible it was, when they beheld
Their bloody neighbours, rudely ruſhing in,
And, ſaw, perhaps their dear companions kild,
By thoſe, with whom they had familiar bin:
Yea, ſaw, before they doubted, cauſe of feare,
A murth'er or a miſchief, ev'ry-where.
If we remember, that the mazed Father,
And trembling mother, in the winter-night,
Were forc'd, in haſt, without their cloaths, to gather
Their children up, and, with them, take their flight
Through fields, and boggs, and woods, with naked feet,
Leſſe fearing thirſt, and hunger, froſt and ſnow,
Then with thoſe curſed *Edomites* to meet,
Who neither manhood, nor compaſſion know.

If

If we conſider, why they firſt began
Their helliſh Tragedie; how great a flood
In ev'ry Iriſh Town, and Village, ran
Of harmeleſſe Proteſtant and Engliſh blood;
How, in their tortures, and their fears, they joy'd;
And what great numbers they had ſoon deſtroid.
If we conſider this, and that a *Nation*
So bloody-minded, and profeſſing too
A worſhip, which is our abomination,
Should, by His Majeſtie be favour'd ſo,
That after all their miſchief, all their ſpoile
And cruelties, committed in that Land,
They ſhould be called over to this *Ile*,
To kiſſe (with good reſpect) the Royall-hand.
Can we, theſe things conſid'ring, ſymptomes finde,
That, ought, for us, but miſchiefe, is intended,
To ſoul and bodie? Can we have a minde
So ſottiſh, as to hope to be befriended
In our Religion, by the Kings protection?
While ſuch, as theſe, have place in his affection?
Maintaineth he our *Lawes*, as he hath ſworn,
When he maintains *Law-breakers*, in deſpight
Of common equity? And, as in ſcorn
Of Juſtice, at the root of Law doth ſmite?
Or, doth he keep his oath, though he alone
Allowes of Lawes enacted heretofore?
If he to us denies, as he hath done,
What might ſecure the common ſafety more?
Or, hath he done his duty, in denying
His, and the Kingdomes Counſell, to embrace?
Or, in imprudent, and unjuſt complying
With Paraſites, to his, and their diſgrace?
Or, valuing men of Raſcall Reputations,
Before the wiſeſt of three noble Nations?
No change in *Church* or *Common-wealth* we crave,
But, what *Gods Word*, and Reaſon ſhall allow.

That,

That, we are bound to ſeek, and ought to have;
And what that is, hereafter you ſhall know.
Our *Churchmens* honour we envied not;
But, could, what they enioyed, have allow'd,
Had it been rightly us'd, and fairely got.
But, they have long been lazie, falſe, and proud.
And I fore-told them many yeeres agoe,
The courſe they took, in hope thereby to ſtand,
Shoud cauſe their fall. And, if it now be ſo;
It is the work of God Almighties hand:
And, ſince it proves, their honour did them hurt,
I am content, to ſee it, in the durt.
The King is not obliged to uphold
Their outward pomp, when his great Councell ſhall
Inform, that if the ſame abide it ſhould,
It may become the ruining of all.
Him, doth his Oath, or Place, ingage, to cheriſh
A rotten Member? though by doing ſo,
The whole *Republike* may grow ſick and periſh?
Or *Piety* receive her overthrow?
Or, ſhould we fancie, that the *Law* intended,
This *Realmes* whole Bodie, ſhould not be believ'd?
When they complain'dof that which them offended?
And told, which way, they beſt might be reliev'd?
Or, can he think, his Oath he broken had,
When they ſhall him acquit, for whom 'twas made?
When, on the Prelates, *Law* did firſt confirme
Their Dignities; the common-people thought
They came from God: ſo wiſely they could charme,
To compaſſe, for themſelves, the things they ſought.
And, everie age brought forth a man or two,
Whoſe knowledge, and whoſe pietie made way
For them, who came, another work, to do;
And, whoſe firſt founder, now, diſcern we may.
Then, ſince we now diſcover them, to be
Not *Chriſts* Apoſtles, as we, once, beleiv'd,

But,

But, Engines for the *Papall Monarchie*,
And, hypocrites, by whom we were deceiv'd:
Why ſhould we now ſuppoſe we do them wrong,
To take away what they have kept too long?
Why ſhould we think it ſacriledge, or ſin,
To take both wealth and dignities away
From thoſe, to whom they never due have bin?
From ſuch, as would the Cauſe of CHRIST betray?
Why ſhould his Jewells by his Foes be worn?
Why on his bread ſhould Droans and Robbers feed?
To cloath a wolf, why ſhould a ſheep be ſhorn?
Or they be ſpar'd, whoſe fall is fore-decreed?
Let them learn true humility of CHRIST,
And, ſtudie how in Spirit to be poore;
Their earthly honours will not then be miſt:
Their want of wealth will be a want no more:
And, they ſhall honour God, and bleſſe the day,
In which he took their needleſſe traſh away.
It is my grief, that I am forc'd to bring
Thoſe reaſons of defence which may appear
Reflecting on the honour of the *King*,
Which keep I would from all aſperſions clear.
But, his dear *Favourites* have blended ſo
His *Acts* with their *deſignes*, and their, with his:
That, we their malice cannot fully ſhow,
Without ſome touch, on what he doth amiſſe.
And, that conſider'd, makes their fault the greater;
And, *Him* (though their ill-ſervice he approve)
To *them*, for, what they claime, the leſſe their debter;
Becauſe, his *Honour* they but little love:
For, (till theſe times) though *Courtiers* plaid the knave,
They ſav'd their *Honours*, who, them ſought to ſave.
But, whatſoever, by the *Parliament*,
Or, by my PEN, he ſeemeth to have loſt
In point of *Honour*; if he ſhall aſſent
To that, which will be nothing to his coſt,

But

But, rather, for his profit; let the ſame
Be, at my hands requit'd; unleſſe I ſhall
Finde out not onely means, whereby his *Name*
Shall publikely ſtand faire, and clear from all
Diſhonourable ſtaines; but, alſo ſhew
How his, may, all his Predeceſſors glory
Out-ſhine: and leave to times that ſhall enſue,
An everlaſting honourable Story.
Which, to believe, me thinks, he ſhould be mov'd,
Since, all I yet fore-told him, true hath prov'd,
GODS will be done; within whoſe pow'rfull hands
The hearts of *Princes* are; and, let us wait
With patience, till, for us, his *Grace* commands
That aid, which makes things crooked to be ſtraight.
Meane-while, we muſt not thoſe juſt means neglect,
Which to the publike ſafety may pertaine:
Nor ceaſe from doing good, though an effect,
Not purpos'd, make him cauſelly complaine.
Our Cauſe we muſt expoſtulate; that, *We*
May, to the world, approve our innocence:
And, that he may, thereby, informed be,
How little cauſe we give of juſt offence.
And, to that end, to what I ſaid before,
In our defence, Ile add a little more.
Though others may be fool'd with *Proteſtations*,
And, words or oaths, which peradventure, none
Did vow, or make, but he whoſe Declarations
Have, lately, for the *Kings*, among us gone.
The *Parliament* hath many piercing eyes,
That, in the dark, deſcry their foes devices:
And, by diſcov'ring of their Treacheries,
Ere they come forth, deſtroies thoſe *Cockatrices*,
When miſchiefs are, by *Providence*, fore-ſeen,
And, then prevented: they that would have done them,
Make Friends, and Fools, believe they had not been,
Becauſe, they were deſtroid ere they begun them,

Yet,

Yet, ſome, who ſaw not where the *Foxes* went,
Can find where they have haunted, by their ſcent.
What things the King hath ſworne, I doe not heare;
But, ſhould he ſweare ten times, and ten times over,
There were no cauſe to dread, what yet we feare,
Me, of that feare, his Oaths could not recover:
Or, though I ſhould beeleve, that he thought true
What he had ſworne: yet, that ſhould me aſſure
That he his owne Deſignes ſhould ſtill purſue?
Or, that unchanged he ſhall ſtill endure?
And, though his heart bide fixt, how can I know
That, he ſhall ſtill have powre to doe me right?
Since they, who ſeeke his *Kingdomes* overthrow,
Alreadie are Commanders of his might?
And, ſo prevailing, that, in him, I ſee
Nor *Will*, nor *Powre*, his owne true friend to be?
Though others can beyond beleefe, beleeve,
And, hope beyond all hope; I cannot, yet,
In *Reaſonable things*, permiſſion give
Vnto my *Fancie*, to befoole my *Wit*.
In *flights-divine*, my *Contemplation* flies,
Without reſtraint: But, in all humane things,
My *Vnderſtanding*, ſtill, my *Iudgement* ties
To *Reaſons* principles; or clips her wings.
What ever, therefore other doe, or ſay;
What ever ſounds, or ſhowes, I ſee, or heare,
Each *weightie-matter*, by it ſelf, I weigh,
With ev'rie circumſtance, that may appeare:
And, when that all things I have throughly prov'd,
I ſilent am, or ſpeak, as I am mov'd.
So did I in this *Cauſe*, before I dar'd
Reſolve upon the courſe, that I have took.
And, ere I hither came, came ſo prepar'd,
That, nothing to affright me, can be ſpoke.
Though all, for whoſe defence, I hither come,
Should uſe me worſe then yet my foes have done,

(As

(As I already have been us'd by ſome)
I would not leave the path I have begun,
But, meerly, for the juſtneſſe of the Cauſe,
And conſcience ſake, perform my beſt endeavour,
To vindicate *Religion*, and the *Lawes*:
And, in this dutie, to my death, perſever;
That I may live to ſee our Freedome ſav'd,
Or, bravely die, before I am inſlav'd.
For, though ſome, wilfully; and, weakly, ſome
Object unto us, that in Primitive,
And purer ages, *Chriſtians* did not come
With *Fire* and *Sword*, the Law of Faith to give:
Nor ſeek by force of armes, to make defence
Againſt thoſe *Tyrants*, in whoſe lands they taught:
(Much leſſe, came arm'd, againſt their native *Prince*)
To ſettle that Religion which they brought.
This argument of their is but a cheat,
To cozen Innocencie, with a ſhow
That's emptie: For, the difference is great
Betwixt their *Cauſe*, and that we manage now:
Which I ſhould make more plainly to appeare,
But, that, too tedious, for this place, it were.
They had no *Party*, to defend their Cauſe:
They came to preach, where Freedomes they had none:
They were not armed by their Countries Lawes:
And, greateſt good, by ſuffring, might be done.
To *Ruſſia*, or to *Turkie*, ſhould I goe
Our *Faith* to publiſh there, the likelieſt way
To ſettle it, would, then, be ſufferance, too:
And, meekly, on the block, my head to lay.
Muſt therefore, we permit the *Whore of Rome*
To ſend her Baſtards, and her Fornicators?
(Whom Law forbids within our coaſts to come)
To teach her Baudrie to our ſons and daughters?
And, make the *Kings*, and *Princes*, of theſe Nations,
Drunk with the Fæces of her Fornications?

Becauſe

Because the *Martyrs* suffred, by that *State*,
Whose setled way of *Worship*, they gainsaid?
Must, downe to those, who come to innovate
Our setled *Truth*; this *Kingdomes* neck be laid?
Shall we be able an account to render,
For our neglect; now we in danger see,
(Of *Romish-Slaverie*) our *Faiths Defender*,
If we endeavour not to set him free?
Shall we sit still, and whine, when *Law*, and *Reason*
Cries out, *All-arme?* untill we be, indeed,
Traitors, by fearing Loyalty is Treason?
And bring both Plagues and Curses on our Seed?
Do as you please, my way to me is knowne;
And I will walk it, though I walk alone.
For, that without a partiall inclination
(To either side) the right I might discloſe,
It was, and is, my full determination,
To set aside respect of friends or foes.
And let me be, by both of them, abhor'd,
If I now utter, or have uttred ought,
For private ends; or what shall not accord,
In ev'ry sentence, with a loyall thought.
To keep me from *Delusion*, I have pray'd
I have look'd up, *above me*, to discover
What notions may be down to me convey'd,
Of those things which above our heads do hover.
And, down *below me*, I have cast mine eyes,
To mark what fogs may up from hell arise.
About me I have look'd, on either side,
On disagreeing, and agreeing actions:
The manners, and the speeches I have tride,
Of most Professions, all Degrees, and Factions:
And, from them all, have made, for my directions,
(And for my informations, in this Cause)
A chaine of Observations, and Collections,
From whence my *Judgment* her conclusions drawes.

Behind

Behind me, I have look'd, to take a view,
Of what was done, or ſuffred, heretofore:
What did on *this*, what did on *that* enſue:
What makes a Curſe, or Bleſſing, leſſe, or more.
And, I have look'd *before me*, too; and ſee
Events of things, that ſhall hereafter be.
I have conſider'd what I had foreſeen
In that great *Plague*, which this Kings Reigne began:
What I fore-told him; what fulfil'd hath been;
What courſes *He*, and *His*, ſince that time ran.
I have conſider'd, why I did prefer
That *hearty-prayer*, for *Him*, which yet ſtands
As regiſtred, in my *Remembrancer*;
And hath been publiſhed, through all his Lands.
I have conſider'd, well, what kind of men
Were then his Counſellors; and, who are now;
What *Parliaments*, and *Promiſes*, were then
Made void: and, what effects, from thence did flow.
How faſt, injurious *Projects* were increaſt;
How cruelly, the people were oppreſt.
I have well weigh'd, what perſons were prefer'd
In *Church* and *Common-wealth*; and, with what ſleight
Acceptance (if not with a diſregard)
All honeſt ſervices they did requite.
Their *Proclamations*, did from yeare to yeare,
Proclaime to me, much more then they intended
I ſhould have known. And, though I ſilent were,
I could have told, in what they ſhould have ended.
The Life, and ſudden Death, of *Buckingham*,
The Voyages of *Rochel*, and of *Ree*;
And other things, whereto I privie am,
Were true *Prognoſtications* unto me;
And, to my underſtanding, more foretold,
Then all the Conſtellations did unfold.
And, though I live among the Countrey-Clowns,
(As one, who ſcarcely knew, or heeded ought)

The *Spaniſh-Feet*, that periſh'd on the Downes,
I heard of; and, to mind it ſomewhat brought.
Sometimes, I have intelligence from *Rome*;
And, know what in the *Conclave* hath been done.
I have obſerved other men, to come
On buſineſſe thence, as well as *Senior Con*,
I know *Archbiſhop Laud*; and he knows me,
The worſe for him, by many hundred pounds;
For which, I recompenced looke to be,
When he, againe, at *Lambeth* walks his Rounds.
And, I, for theſe, though they ſuppoſe not ſo,
Some Reaſons drew, for that, which now I doe.
I heard, of what, within their *Cabinet*,
The *Machiavillian-Counſellors* debate;
And, informations, other while, did get,
Of ill-preſaging ſecreſies of State,
The *German-horſe*, that ſhould have trotted hither,
Prodigious *Straffords* projects, deeds, and triall,
With other Characters, ſpeld all together,
Have ſhowne me *Truths*, that can have no denyall.
And, when my heart had rightly pondred theſe,
Weigh'd, what they are, with whom we have to doe;
Their words, their hopes, their lives, their practices,
What things they ſeek, whom they belong unto,
With ſuch like notes, as theſe; me thinks, they be
All blind men, who perceive not, what I ſee.
And, when I had with theſe conſiderations,
Conſider'd too, for what a worthleſſe *Crew*,
The ſuits and cries of two moſt loyall Nations,
Have wanted thoſe effects which are their due:
That *He*, who for the *Sheep*, his life ſhould give,
Can give them to the *Wolves*, and ſee them ſlaine:
That *He*, who ſhould our grievances relieve,
Can adde unto our torment, and our paine:
That *He*, becauſe we feare his *Dogs* will bite,
(And, for that reaſon, pray they may be ti'd)

Can

Can therefore, let them looſe, and take delight
To ſee them kill, whom they have terrifide:
These things conſidered, me thinks, we wrong
The *Humane-nature*, to be tame ſo long.
When I perceived our deare Countries *Father*,
So peremptorily affect his will,
That, he would hazard three brave *Kingdomes*, rather,
Then his unlawfull pleaſure, not fulfill;
And, when I ſaw the *Devils*, who inſpire
This wilfulneſſe into him, ceaze the goods
Of his beſt ſubjects; their faire houſes fire;
Deflowre their *Virgins*; ſhed their *Old-mens* bloods;
Betray their neareſt *Kinſmen*, ſlay their *Brothers*;
Deprive the blameleſſe *Infants* of their lives;
Enſlave their *Fathers*, kill their frighted *Mothers*:
Abuſe their *Daughters*, and defile their *Wives*:
It griev'd me, that this *Iland* ſhould afford
One man, who for this Quarrell drew no ſword.
But, ſince I have conſidred, that, from ROME,
Theſe Plagues, theſe miſchiefes, theſe unhappy Warres,
And all our preſent miſeries, did come,
With our unequall'd *Iriſh-Maſſacres*:
And, that (beſide the many thouſands here)
Well nigh, two hundred thouſand *Proteſtants*,
Were ſlaine, and rooted thence, within one yeare,
By thoſe, to whom the *King* high favours grants:
And, ſince 'tis (not improbably) beleev'd
They called are to be our Butchers too:
(If we permit our ſelves to be deceiv'd,
Till they can compaſſe what they meane to doe)
Me thinks, we have not beene ſo tame, as mad,
To have ſo ſlow a hand, as we have had.
And, laſtly, ſince I weigh'd, that, not alone
A plot is laid three *Kingdomes* to undoe,
But alſo, in their ſpoile, to have undone,
All other true *Reformed-Churches* too:

That, *Gods* own glorie, and the ſervitude
Of Chriſtian ſoules, is in this Cauſe concern'd;
From thence (whatever other will conclude)
I, theſe Concluſions, with good Warrant, learn'd:
That, thoſe whom in this *Warfare* we reſiſt,
Are neither worſe, nor better, but, thoſe *Bands*,
And thoſe *Confederates* of ANTICHRIST,
Which are to be his *Champions*, in theſe Lands.
And, that, whoever fighteth on their ſide,
When this is known, hath GOD, & CHRIST deni'd.
I ſee, as plainly as I ſee the Sun, * *Rev.* 19.11.
He draweth neare, that on the * *white horſe* rides.
The Long-expected *Battell* is begun:
The BEAST, to muſter up his *Kings*, provides:
With him, will all his *Edomites* conſpire,
The ſeed of *Hagar*, and the ſonnes of *Lot*:
Philiſtia, *Gebal*, *Moab*, *Ammon*, *Tyre*,
And all that with his *Marke* themſelves beſpot.
Thoſe brave *White Regiments*, me thinks, I ſee,
That on the LORD of LORDS, & KING of KINGS,
Attending in triumphant habits be,
And, which, with him, againſt our foes he brings.
Me thinks, I hear his * *Angel* call the *Crowes*, * *Rev.*
To eat the *Kings*, and *Captains*, of our foes. 19.17.
If this be ſo, as with a heart unfain'd,
I do believe it is: how brave a lot
Have we? that were before all worlds ordain'd,
To be, for ſouldiers, to the LAMB begot!
With what high courage ſhould we march along
Againſt this Foe? That, being Conquerours,
We may, with *Angels*, ſing a *Triumph-Song*,
And, crowned ſit, among Celeſtiall Powers?
Why ſhould we be afraid, to ſpeak, or write,
What may, from this curſt *Army*, fetch our *King*?
Why ſhould we feare, to periſh in that Fight,
Which will through *Death*, to *Life* immortall bring?

Or,

Or, why ſhould any, now, this work delay?
Or, doubt the truth of that, which here I ſay?
I beg no grace from *King*, or *Parliament*,
If an Impoſtor I ſhall prove to be:
Or, if men find not, by the Conſequent,
That, GOD hath ſpoken to this Land, by me;
And, that the maine of all my Muſings were
Inſpir'd by Him; though, often, he permit
My fooliſhneſſe, among them, to appeare,
That, nothing be aſcribed to my *Wit*.
Excuſe I crave not, but a juſt correction,
Or, *Approbation*, as my words may merit.
If an *ill-ſpirit* hath been my direction,
What thereunto pertains, let me inherit.
And, if the truth be ſpoken, do not grieve me,
Without a cauſe, but hearken, and believe me.
Suppoſe not (my deare Countrimen) that here
I have been over-bold, although you ſee
A bitterneſſe doth in my lines appear:
For, in this Cauſe, great things concerned be:
It doth concern our children, and our wives,
The publike ſafetie, and the publike good:
The honour of our *Nation*, and our lives,
The juſt avengement of our brethrens blood:
The freedome of our perſons, and eſtates,
The honour, and the ſafetie of our King:
Our preſent being, and our future fates,
And, almoſt, everie other precious thing:
Yea, it concerns our ſouls: and, more then ſo,
It highly doth concern GODS *glory* too.
Now then, for conſcience, or, for ſhame, begin
To call to minde the duties that ye owe:
Let what appears *without*, be found *within*;
That, by your actions, we your hearts may know.
For your own ſakes (if not for GODS, and our)
Be zealous in the cauſe you undertake:

Leſt you, ere long, have neither means, nor pow'r,
Your peace with GOD, or *Them*, or *Vs*, to make.
For, both to GOD, and *man*, above all creatures,
The moſt abhorred, are thoſe hypocrites,
Who can comply with diſagreeing natures,
Yet, falſe to all, but to their appetites.
Take, therefore, counſell from a ſouldiers *Pen*:
And (while you may) be warn'd, be wiſe, be *men*.
Aſham'd, (if not a little mad) I am,
To ſee ſo many, in this cauſe, ſo cold,
So falſe, ſo faint, ſo cowardly and tame,
That can, in other cauſes, be ſo bold.
And (not without affection) this, I ſay:
Should this good Cauſe miſcarrie, all our foes
Are not more guilty of it, then are they,
Who give it, unperceiv'd, and ſecret blowes.
None do it ſo much dammage; none ſo wrong us,
As they, who ſeem to be our faithfull friends;
They, who at meat, and counſell, ſit among us;
And, ſerve the publique, for their private ends.
Our *Scæne* of *bloud*, ere this, had els been done:
And, peradventure, never been begun.
In ev'ry Village, Town and Corporation,
Let all, that are true Proteſtants profeſt,
Let ev'ry *Canton*, *Province*, *Tribe*, and *Nation*,
Which doth againſt the *Romiſh-Whore* proteſt,
A timely *League*, with one another make;
Vnite themſelves by firme *Aſſociations*;
And, by a ſacred *Covenant*, courſes take
Both for their joint, and ſeverall preſervations.
And, to be ſure, they make a firme defence
Againſt their foes fierce fury, and deſpight:
Let them be cloth'd, with *Love* and *Innocence*,
Arm'd with that armour, wherwith Chriſtians fight;
And, be prepared, alwaies, to reſiſt
The *Body*, and the *Limbs* of ANTICHRIST.

Feare

Feare not the furie of your present foes,
For, by their mixture, you discover may
They are but part of that great STATVES toes,
Whose *Feet* were made of *Iron*, and of *Clay*.
If they receive but one good knock, or twaine,
The *Clay*, and *Iron*, will divided be:
The *Protestant* will be himself againe:
For, *Light* and *Darknesse* never can agree.
Though *horn'd*, but like the LAMB, they yet appeare,
(Pretending to be arm'd for innocence)
Their *Voices* doe discover what they are;
And, that the DRAGONS *Creature* is their *Prince*.
Oh therefore, as you love your preservation,
Give eare, ye *Britans*, to this *Proclamation*.

CHARLES *by the grace of* GOD, *the Soveraign King*,
Of England, Scotland, Ireland, *and of* France,
Intending in his heart no other thing,
But, how his Regall powre *he might advance*,
In that pursuit, a little straying from
His faith full Parliament *through ill advice*,
Was by an ambuscado *sent from ROME*,
Surprized lately, in a traiterous wise:
And (whereof all good subjects should have sense)
Imprison'd lyes; where both his eyes and eares,
So poysoned are, by false Intelligence,
That, nothing he, now, truly sees or heares,
As by those Actions, which his name doe beare,
It may, and will apparently appeare.
Moreover, they have in despight of Law,
Advanc'd a Popish Army, (by some showes
Of what they purpose not) and daily draw
The Protestants, *each other to oppose*:
And, have so fairly cover'd their intention,
That, what they could not, by themselves, have wrought,
We now assist them in, till past prevention,
Their Plot, *and our destruction shall be brought.*

Come therefore, O all ye! that are professt
The sonnes of Reformation! *Come away,*
From giving your assistance to the BEAST,
Lest, in his Judgment, *you be sweept away.*
On paine of ruine. Come, *and help to bring*
Our Sov'raign home: And so, God save the King.
Let him, that would a *Christian man* appeare,
His drowzie Soule awake, and rouze his *Faith.*
Let him, that hath an eare to heare, give eare
To that, which through my Trunk, the *Spirit* saith:
And, curſed let him be, till he repent
(His wilfulneſſe) that when he hearес this *Muſe*,
And feeles his heart, inclining to aſſent,
(To what is *true*) her counſell ſhall refuſe.
Accurſed let him be, on like condition,
That through a *Selfe-conceit*, or thorow *Pride*,
Shall blaſt theſe uſefull Muſings, with ſuſpition
Of ill intents, or my juſt hopes deride:
Or, by his envie, malice, or neglect,
Deprive *them* of their purpoſed effect.
Accurſed let thoſe *Townes*, and *Cities* be,
Which willing entertainment did afford
To our *Purſuers*: and, were glad to ſee
Their Armies with them, both at Bed, and Board.
The curſe of *Meroz*, and thoſe execrations,
Which to her baſe inhabitants befell,
Alight on their *Malignant-habitations*:
And, that of *Succoth*, and of *Penuel*:
Till they with ſhame and ſorrow ſhall repent
Their falſhood to themſelves, and to their friends:
Their falſhood to the *King* and *Parliament*:
And, help to bring thoſe *Traitors* to their ends.
And let all *Places*, which have done their beſt
Againſt thoſe *Rebels*; be, for ever, bleſt.
And (if my *Sentence*, which is here recorded
May paſſe for good) let ev'ry one of thoſe

That

That hath for any ſervices, been *Lorded*,
Wherein, their GOD, or *Countrey* they oppoſe,
Weare his *falſe Badge of Honour*, ev'rie where,
With infamie, with beggerie, and ſcorne;
With terrible vexations, and with feare,
Till his unworthy *Name* away be worn:
Or, till, by ſome apparent penitence,
By GOD, a pardon ſhall to him be given:
And, then, let all his folly and offence,
Remitted be on earth, as 'tis in heaven.
And, ſo let all the reſt, by my conſent,
Like mercy find, as ſoon as they repent.
For, we are all tranſgreſſors: he that's beſt
Is bad, and but a Briar, or a Thorne.
He, that among us hath tranſgreſſed leaſt,
Deſerves more plagues, then he that's worſt hath borne.
He, that hath much offended, hath perchance,
Not out of wilfullneſſe, offenſive bin:
But, through temptation, or through ignorance;
For which, true penitence may *mercie* win.
Yea, ſome, perhaps, who moſt of all offend,
Were left to their corruptions, for our crimes:
And, when we ſhall our wicked lives amend,
They ſhall repent, and we have better times.
Yet, ſtill, moſt bleſſed be thoſe *men*, and *places*,
Who from this *Battell*, have not turn'd their faces.
For ever bleſſed, and renown'd, for ever,
Let *Glo'ſter* be; that, being far from aid.
Did in her firmneſſe, glorioully perſever,
When round her Walls, the *King* his armie laid.
For ever, let the Towne of *Manchester*
Be bleſt and famous; that, with ſlender *Guard*,
Without a *neighbouring-ſecond* (and well neare
Without all helps) her dangers all out-dar'd:
And, by GOD's aid, alone, did trample downe
The powre, and pride of *Darbies* armed Son:

Yea,

Yea, where the *Popish-Faction* strongst was grown,
Prevail'd, in spight of all that spight had done:
And, hopefull bides, that *He*, who did befriend
Her paines, thus far, will blesse it to the end.
And, farre above them all, renown'd, and blessed
Let *London* be, who for the preservation
Of three great *Kingdomes*, wofully distressed,
Hath acted things begetting admiration.
For ever, let her *Bounty*, and her *Zeale*,
Her *Constancie*, her *Counsels*, and her *Prayers*,
Her *Valour* also for the *Commonweale*,
When we were almost sunk into despaires:
Let all these be remembred, to her glorie:
And, let her high deserving, by the fame,
Be so recorded in some well writ Storie,
That all great Cities may envie her fame.
And, so to honour her, let us agree,
That, all her praises, to GODS praise, may be.
Let all those *Worthies* also, that have done,
Or suffred, bravely, for the *Common-good*,
In this great *Cause* (until *Times* round is run)
Be blest, and honour'd, in their Names, and *Blood*.
Let valiant *Essex*, *Warwicke*, *Manchester*,
Stout *Fairfax*, *Waller*, *Roberts*, *Brooke*, and *Gray*,
(Who forward for the publike safety were)
Be crowned with a never-dying Bay.
So crown *Fane*, *Skippon*, *Mericke*, *Stapleton*,
With *Hampden*, *Massey*, *Bruerton*, and *Gell*:
The English and the Scottish *Middleton*,
My noble, and my valiant Colonell.
And, let nor malice, time, nor death, be able,
To make them lesse then good, and honourable.
Remembred be, with an heroick fame,
Balfore, and *Ramsey*, *Cromwell*, and *D'Albere*:
The *Meldroms*, and he chiefly of that Name,
Whose worth did in relieving *Hull* appeare.

Let

Let mention'd be with *honourable-men*,
Much-daring *Luke*, and *Hazzlerigg* the bold:
Aldridge, *Browne*, *Barkley*, *Holborne*, *Harvey*, *Ven*,
Brooke, *Norton*, *Springer*, *Morley*, *More*, and *Gold*.
To all of theſe, whoſe worth ſhall reall be,
Let reall honours be: and be it ſo,
To all of good deſert, unknown to me;
Of whom there are, I hope, ſome thouſands moe,
Whoſe memorie ſhall never be forgot,
Though, here, to name them, I remember not.
And if, among theſe *Names*, a Name be found
To any man pertaining, who is known
In his affection, to this *Cauſe*, unſound;
Or, who intendeth falſhood, yet, unſhown:
Let that mans *mention*, and his *naming*, here,
Inſtead of honouring him, a means become
To make his infamie the more appeare;
Or, his ill purpoſes divert him from:
And, draw him, ſo ſincerely to endeavour
The publike ſafety, that my ignorance
Of his firſt failing, may, now, make him, ever,
Induſtriouſly the *Rightfull-cauſe* advance;
And, thank his providence, who, from mine eare,
Thoſe failings kept, whereof, ſome others heare.
Let them, that ſhall hereafter counted be
Moſt honourable perſons, never more
Be they, who ſhew the longeſt Pedigree,
From Kings, and Conquerours, as heretofore:
But, ſuch as are moſt worthy: and next them,
Their Off-ſpring, who were *Patrons* for this *Cauſe*.
And let them ſhare more honour and eſteem,
Then he that his deſcent from Princes drawes.
For, if it may ennoble, to be borne
Of thoſe, who, out of avarice, or pride,
From others, wrongfully, their lands have torne:
How much more, ought they to be dignifi'd,

That

That, from the loines of parents, are descended,
Whose *Swords*, their *Country*, *King*, & *Faith* defended?
And, to make full my blessing: three times blessed,
Be ev'ry Member of the *Parliament*,
Which hath not been unwillingly oppressed,
With burthens, our undoing to prevent.
Blest, be thir constancie, and blest their paines,
With safety & credit, and with consolations,
And, with all blessednesse which appertaines,
To make them happy, through all *Generations*.
And, blessed be the KING, with such a heart,
And, such a resolution, to retire
To us in love: that he may have a part
In all that blisse, which we our selves desire.
And, that from these our troubles, I may raise
A Trophie, to his honour, and GODS praise.
Before, my tongue had finish'd this defence,
To warrant my ingagement: that DELUSION
Which had so hotly charg'd me, sneaked thence,
And, staid not, to give eare to my conclusion.
Her forces vanished (and she with them)
Consisting chiefly, of their Sophistries
Who had been prest out of that *Academ*,
In which, the Magazine of mischief lies.
It was, first, founded for a Court of *Knowledge*,
(A schoole of duties morall and divine)
And, to that end, had many a goodly *Colledge*,
To nurse up youth, by prudent Discipline:
But 'twas, of late, a nest of Birds unclean;
And is now made the Wolves, and Lions den.
My Foe departing, I began to sleight
His Trenches, and the Forts which he had rear'd:
Those *Engiens*, likewise, I demolish'd quite,
That make young souldiers of their force afeard:
And, was at leisure, then, my selfe to please,
With other thoughts; and, thither to retreat,

Where

Where I might be refreſht, and take mine eaſe,
With ſuch proviſions, as my men could get.
My *Quarter* was the *Field*: my *Tent* and Bed,
A well-made *Barley-cocke*: the Canopie
And Curtains, which to cover me, were ſpread,
No meaner then the ſtarre-beſpangled skie.
GOD ſet the watch; the Guard, he alſo kept,
And, without harme, or feare, I ſafely ſlept.
Next morne, before the dawning of the day,
My heart awoke; and, warm'd With GODS protection,
(And with his love) did praiſe him, and, aſſay
To meet him, with reciprocall affection.
My purpoſe he accepted, and deſcended
To imp the wings, that mount my contemplation:
And, kindly, raiſed, ſtrengthned, and befriended
My ſoule, by ſweet, and uſefull meditations:
With muſing on things *Preſent*, on things *Paſt*,
And things *to come*, he exercis'd my thought.
Some, of his *Mercies*, gave my ſoule a taſt;
Of *ſin*, and *judgement*, ſome, the reliſh brought.
By ſome, I did my private duties learn;
And, ſome, the *Publike-faſetie* did concern.
One RAY, forth-darting from his pow'r divine,
(Whoſe way of working cannot well be told)
Infus'd into my heart, a high DESIGNE,
Which, with good liking, now, I might unfold.
But harke! the *Trumpet* calls me to the field:
My horſes, are all ready at the doore.
Place to the *Sword*, my *Pen*, againe, muſt yeeld:
At better leaſure, I may tell you more.
To what, I further purpoſe to declare,
This, for an *Introduction*, is prepar'd:
And, if I find, you ſo well temper'd are,
That, more (with hope of profit) may be heard;
I'le tell you *Newes*, Which, yet is but a *Dreame*,
And, VOX PACIFICA, ſhall be my *Theame*.

A VOICE, not of a vaine *Pacification*,
Form'd out of *Ecchoes*, or uncertain ſounds:
But, of a PEACE, of whoſe bleſt confirmation,
There ſhall be likely *Hopes*, and reall *Grounds*.
A VOICE, in ſomewhat, imitating his,
Who (to prepare the great MESSIAH'S way)
Became a *Crier in the Wilderneſſe*:
And, to beget *Repentance*, will aſſay.
A VOICE, that ſhall prepare the way of Peace.
A PEACE, that ſhall with *Righteouſneſſe*, embrace:
And, by their ſweet imbracements, more increaſe
The Peace of *Conſcience*, and the Peace of *Grace*.
A PEACE, which (if my hopes effect I can)
Shall reconcile us, both to GOD, and MAN.
A PEACE, not cloſing up a feſtring ſore,
To eaſe, but for a while, the preſent ſmart:
And, making, afterward, the torments more,
By ſpreading mortall *Gangreves*, to the heart.
A PEACE, that by a true-love knot ſhall knit
Three NATIONS, with ſuch nearneſſe, into ONE,
That nothing ſhall have powre to looſen it,
But, wilfull ſin, impenitently done.
A PEACE, which to the *People*, and the *King*,
Shall (if not hindred by ſome *Crying-ſin*)
Truth, *honour*, *Wealth*, *powre*, *reſt*, and *ſafety* bring:
And, keep us everlaſtingly therein.
This PEACE I ſeek; this *Peace*, that GOD may ſend,
My ſoule doth pray; and ſo theſe MUSINGS end.

Sic dixit, qui ſic cogitavit;
Et, prædicando quod putavit:
Haud multum peccat, ſi peccavit.

All the Glorie be to GOD.

UMI